The Nation.

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The Week.

It must be said that Mr. Harrison, in his message to the expiring Congress, takes his humiliation as gracefully as could be expected. He admits that "the result of the recent election must be accepted as having introduced a new policy." He refrains from charging the people with being fools for decreeing a change, although he does accuse "the wage-earner" of having his perception of the beauties of McKinleyism "obscured by the passion evoked" by controversies between employers and employees. He graciously concedes that "those who have advocated a protective tariff can well afford to have their disastrous forecasts of a change of policy disappointed." At the same time he declares his conviction that these disastrous forecasts will not be disappointed—that the friends of the protective system will await the results of the new experiment "with undiminished confidence in the principles they have advocated." As to action, he says:

> "I recommend that the whole subject of tariff-revision be left to the incoming Congress. It is matter of regret that this work must be delayed for at least three months; for the threat of great tariff changes introduces so much uncertainty that an amount, not easily estimated, of business inaction and of diminished production will necessarily result. It is possible, also, that this uncertainty may result in decreased revenues from customs duties, for our merchants will make cautious orders for foreign goods in view of the prospect of tariff reductions and the uncertainty as to when they will take effect."

Postmaster General Wanamaker's annual report is aglow with the best rhetoric of his bargain-counter advertisements. Everything proves "wonderful growth" and "steady improvement of the service." One characteristic touch is, "The deficit receded nearly a million." This is much neater than to admit that his prediction of a year ago, that the deficit would be entirely wiped out, has been falsified. Secretary Foster believed him at the time, and made post-office receipts and expenditures equal in his estimates for 1892. In his estimates for 1893, submitted last year, he actually counted upon a surplus in the Post-office Department. But he has since learned not to take Wanamaker literally, and now figures on a deficit in his Department of $2,453,966 for 1893, and one nearly as large for 1894. If the Postmaster-General is no longer credited by the Secretary of the Treasury, we do not think that other people will give great heed to him.

The Superintendent of the Census, Mr. Porter, renews in his annual report his former suggestion that the Census Bureau be made permanent, and in support of it remarks that he has consulted statisticians, experts, and others interested in the improvement of census statistics, who favor the proposition. A collection of opinions from genuine authorities upon census statistics as to the value of Mr. Porter's services would, we are positive, be unanimous in favor of ridding the Government of him as soon as possible. He gives much space in his report to the consideration of complaints made against the accuracy of his census, observing complacently that the work of his enumerators "has been vindicated by time." As a matter of fact time has steadily added cumulative evidence in support of the belief that his census is undoubtedly the most inaccurate and untrustworthy ever compiled in this country. Mr. Porter is obliged in his present report to explain how it was that his census of the manufacturing industry of Philadelphia was so grotesquely inaccurate that the entire press of the city was obliged to denounce it. He says that the special agent in charge of it "was imbued with the idea that the manufactures of Philadelphia must be made to exceed in value those of New York city, and to sustain this idea some of his subordinates manufactured returns which they failed to find legitimately." He adds that a revised valuation of the city shows a net decrease from the first of nearly $157,000,000. Everybody who has followed Mr. Porter's course in the Bureau will recognize as his the idea with which he says the Philadelphia special agent was "imbued," for it is the idea upon which the entire census has been compiled—namely, to make it a monument of the blessings of a high-protective tariff.

Mr. Porter shows that the total expense of compiling his worthless census (for worthless it is and always will be as a source of exact and unquestioned information) is already more than $8,000,000, and that he will need $240,000 more in order to continue his work through the present fiscal year. He is unable to say when the work will be finished. Whatever action Congress may take in the matter, one of the first steps of the Cleveland Administration ought to be to rid the service of this preposterous statistician. Of the very many bad appointments which President Harrison has made, Porter's is easily the worst. He had no qualifications for the place, for he had never been anything except a notoriously partisan juggler with tariff and wage figures. His only idea of the census has been so to stuff it with bogus and defective figures as to make it a Republican campaign document. To put such a man in charge of a work which, in order to have any real value, must be not merely above attack but above suspicion, was a misuse of the appointing power for which it would be difficult to find a parallel.

The Treasury Department has been gradually crawling out of its untenable position on the subject of quarantine and immigration, and the vacant place is now occupied by Senator "Bill" Chandler of New Hampshire, who offers a bill proposing that all immigration shall be prohibited for one year as a measure of protection against the cholera. There is a proviso attached to his scheme, that persons who come merely as visitors shall be allowed to enter the country and stay as long as they choose, such persons being always free from the cholera germ, as is well known. The year 1893 being fixed for the World's Fair at Chicago, and great preparations having been made for a rush of visitors from abroad, it is to be hoped that Mr. Chandler will give the people of the Old World very exact information of the steps to be taken to distinguish between those who come hither to remain and those who come with the intention of returning.

Congressman Dockery's resolution calling upon the Committee on Appropriations to ascertain and report to the House the exact situation of the Treasury, was introduced none too soon and should be passed at once. It might be taken as something of a reflection on Secretary Foster, but then it is impossible to discuss national finance at all without reflecting on him, and Mr. Dockery will find the country ready to overlook any seeming discourtesy of that sort. And even Mr. Foster, we should think, would be relieved to be freed from the necessity of longer doctoring his reports and holding up appropriations, and would be willing to go before the Committee and make a clean breast of it. Certainly he can expect nobody to give serious attention to his estimates submitted to Congress on Monday, in view of the demonstration made by time and the event of the worthlessness of his former efforts in that line.

An interesting statement as to the bearing of the Democratic victory upon the future of cotton-manufacturing industries in New England has been issued by Durfee & Chace, bankers of Fall River, Mass., in answer to questions from some of their clients. They begin by saying that they "were supporters of Mr. Harrison and hoped for his reëlection to the Presidency"; but, having been defeated, they accept the decision of the majority, and propose to look at the situation as it is, from the standpoint of Fall River. In case of Harrison's reëlection at least six and possibly eight new mills for the manufacture of cotton goods would have been built immediately in Fall River, and there would

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have been the same tendency elsewhere, while, as it is, these mills will not be built, at least for the present. But this will be a gain rather than a loss, for if the new mills had been built, "the result would have been, in twelve months from now, over-production and its resultant evils." On this point they say further: "The mills which would have been built will not be, probably because of an indefinite idea that the results of the election are inimical to manufacturing enterprises. So far, then, we shall be better off, for over-production will not follow so speedily." As regards future tariff legislation, Durfee & Chace ridicule the idea that any changes will be made which will ruin manufacturing industries, saying among other things:

"Mr. Cleveland is elected President of the United States, not of a section, and we have faith that he appreciates that fact, and that he will live up to it in the fullest sense. The Democratic party, which elected him, in this case, was and is a party of the country, and not of a section. Many of its members are manufacturers, engaged in various industries, among them the manufacture of cotton cloth, and their interest is the interest of the community and of the country. They accept the responsibility, and, without fear as to the future, we leave it to them, confident that they will work no harm to the cotton-manufacturing industries of New England."

The conclusion of these Republican bankers is that "such industries are to experience a further season of prosperity, not to be menaced by hostile tariff legislation," and they strongly advise holders of stocks in cotton-manufacturing corporations not to part with them at present, as, in their opinion, "they promise as good returns as any investment at the present writing."

Several Massachusetts newspapers have been sending scouting parties of reporters throughout New England to discover some of the manufacturers who, Senator Hoar says, are "in a state of great 'anxiety'" about the future because of Mr. Cleveland's election. At last accounts no trace of even one manufacturer in dread of "ruin" had been found. A Bridgeport, Conn., carpet-manufacturer explained the failure of the hunt satisfactorily by saying that he believed "no one is anxious except those Republicans who fear that their predictions will not come true." So far as the carpet industry is concerned, this manufacturer said that the price of carpets had advanced 5 per cent. since election, that there was not a single instance in which capital had been withdrawn or production decreased since election, and that the manufacturers are "all waiting for free wool, knowing that it will enable us to enlarge our production and pay better prices for labor." This is substantially the verdict from all other quarters in New England. From the remote West a different and a sadder tale comes. In Helena, Mont., Russell Harrison's newspaper, which was seized by the sheriff at midnight on Election Day, was sold at Sheriff's sale on Thursday for $21,000. Its debts are said to aggregate $100,000, in Montana and the East. This is a genuine case of "ruin," due to the defeat of President Harrison and the withdrawal of protection. The venerable Senator Hoar ought to write the Home Market Club a special letter on this case.

Mr. J. Q. Smith, the veteran tariff-reformer of Ohio, gives the *coup de grâce* to the gigantic humbug known as the Wool-Growers' Association of that State. This concern, which has largely dominated the tariff policy of the country in recent years, and has actually dominated the Treasury Department in the matter of rulings on disputed questions, consists of three men named Lawrence, Delano, and Harpster. If they have any following at all, it has failed to show itself in any recent election. Nevertheless, they have held the bulk of the wool-manufacturers in abject terror by threatening to do a lot of things that they had no power to do. Six or eight years ago Mr. Smith, who was formerly Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington, and is himself an Ohio wool-grower, exposed this triumvirate very thoroughly in a pamphlet which had a wide circulation. He said and proved that it was a sham and a fraud so far as it assumed to have any considerable influence or following among the farmers of Ohio. Pretty soon an election came on in which a square test was made of the power and importance of the Ohio Wool-Growers' Association. This was in the election of 1889, when Foraker and Campbell were the rival candidates for Governor. The Democrats in this campaign were obliged to take ground against the wool tariff. Accordingly, Gov. Campbell went into the chief wool-growing counties of the State and made speeches declaring outright that wool of all kinds ought to be imported free of duty. "Now we've got you," said Delano, Lawrence, and Harpster; "now we'll show you where you stand." Instead of that they showed where *they* stood. Not only was Gov. Campbell elected, but he made his most conspicuous gains in the wool-growing counties. In the following year, 1890, the Democratic tidal wave carried the Ohio Congressional elections, the wool tariff being still an important issue. In 1891 the silver question came in as a disturbing element, and the Democrats lost the State. In the present year the tariff question was again uppermost, and, surprising as it may seem, and must seem to the triumvirate, the fourteen chief wool-growing counties of Ohio show a net Democratic gain of 653 even as compared with 1890. Mr. Smith thinks that it is time the Ohio Wool-Growers' Association should quit business. We think that they should at least take down the sign.

The prospect of the establishment of two or three new lines of steamers between this country and Europe, backed by American capital, suggests more than a mere growth of business and enterprise. It shows that a mortal blow has been struck at the old protectionist folly of supposing that any country is sufficient for itself, and that commercial intercourse with foreign nations is only a concealed form of treason. The best of it is, that the Republicans themselves were driven to acknowledge that their policy in regard to foreign trade and shipping had been sheer nonsense, and to lead the way to better things by practically repealing the law forbidding American registry to foreign-built ships. The exception made in favor of the Inman Line cannot in fairness be withheld from any other company applying for equal privileges. In fact, the promoters of the new lines from Newport News and Charleston expect, as they have every right to, that their steamers, wherever built, will be given American registry. When the future historian of the movement for free trade in the United States comes to look for the earliest legislative enactments breaking off the old shackles, he will lay great stress on the abandonment by Republicans of their doctrine of protection to American shipping. And he will have to record the grievous fact that Congressmen Boutelle and Dingley sat by in silence while the entering wedge was driven.

An analysis of the official vote of New Jersey shows the great strength of Mr. Cleveland across the North River. The total vote this year was 337,547, as compared with 303,801 in the Presidential contest of 1888, 260,893 in 1884, and 245,928 in 1880. Of the gain this year over 1888, Cleveland had 19,534 and Harrison 11,708, New Jersey doing better for the Republican candidate in one respect than New York, as she did not reduce his vote. The vote of the two parties in the last four Presidential contests is shown in the following table:

	Democratic.	Republican.
1880	122,565	120,555
1884	127,798	123,440
1888	151,508	144,360
1892	171,042	156,068

Werts, the Democratic candidate for Governor, received a smaller plurality than Cleveland in each of the eleven counties which he carried, and he lost Essex County by 1,186 plurality, while Cleveland carried it by 1,131. Kean ran behind Harrison in three of the ten counties carried by him. Werts received 3,785 votes less than Cleveland, and Kean 3,564 more than Harrison.

Gen. Dyrenforth has ended his rain-making experiments with a terrific bombardment of the heavens above Texas, which failed to produce even a drop of rain. It is said of the final "test" that it lasted from sunset to sunrise, that up till midnight the explosions were all upon the ground, that between midnight and day-

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light they were entirely from balloons, and that the noise was heard for a distance of thirty miles. The sky remained perfectly clear till the balloon explosions began, when the "phenomenon" of clouds gathering immediately overhead was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. Great hopes of a shower were raised, but the wind "soon seemed to change" and "seemed to counteract the influence of the explosions, for the clouds were driven back and dissipated." Gen. Dyrenforth was very much discouraged by this brutal conduct of the wind, but he sent up balloon after balloon with heavy explosives aboard, and soon a fresh batch of clouds appeared. "They seemed to come up from the southern horizon, and were laden with moisture to such an extent that a heavy mist set in which could be felt perceptibly." This mist continued for about twenty minutes, but that was all. "The efforts," says the chronicler of the experiments, "at precipitating rain from the clouds proved futile." There was a light sprinkle of rain at a neighboring point, but "the fall was too light to be measured by the rain-gauge." Although the "experiments were a dismal failure," assurance is given that Gen. Dyrenforth and his backers declare that the tests have "proved the theory of producing rain by concussion." They do not expect to obtain further results this year, but next year the General is going to abandon Texas and try the heavens above South Dakota. We trust that he will not be able to continue his silly work at the expense of the United States Government. The appropriation which Congress, at the suggestion of "Uncle Jerry" Rusk, made for the tests has been exhausted, and there is slight probability that a subsequent Congress will be capable of the folly of making another. Gen. Dyrenforth and "Uncle Jerry" should be permitted to lapse into obscurity together.

A correspondent writes to us to propound the theory that Edward Murphy, jr., is put forward as a candidate for the Senatorship simply to receive "the hot shot from the Cleveland forces," and on this assumption he bases the prediction that, when the time comes, he will disappear and William F. Sheehan appear in his place. We never like to close the mouth of a prophet, and accordingly place this prediction before the public for what it is worth. Our own opinion is that Murphy, according to all present appearances, is sure of the place, and one reason for thinking so is that the "hot shot" has not been forthcoming. If "the Cleveland forces" are cannonading him, they make no noise and evolve no smoke. The reason probably is that the Legislature is so completely Tammanyite and Hillite that it need not mind either Cleveland thunder or public opinion about the qualifications of a Senator.

Those who blame theologians for disputing about unreal abstractions will certainly find some ground for their complaint in the charges against Prof. Briggs, as now finally amended and undergoing argument. The first one of these turns on the question whether the reason is "a fountain of divine authority," and the second on the question whether the Church is a similar fountain. But what a fountain of divine authority may be is nowhere defined, and there might easily be twenty opinions about it in the Presbytery, so that days could be spent in debate before being able to fix the meaning of the terms of the charges. The third accusation against Prof. Briggs relates to the possibility of errors in "the original text" of Scripture. But this is an abstraction of the purest sort, the said original text being something which no man ever saw or will see, and of which it is not possible to make any affirmation whatever. Yet there is no doubt that the main controversy will be carried on precisely in this fog. As to the two points where a clear question of historic fact is presented—namely, the charge that Prof. Briggs denies that Moses wrote all of the Pentateuch, and Isaiah all of the book that passes by his name—we must suppose that the prosecution brought them in as mere makeweights, it being scarcely possible that they would seriously attack opinions supported by a growing weight of critical authority.

To treat the late Jay Gould, as some of our contemporaries have done, as a man who achieved his notoriety and acquired the enormous power which he wielded in the financial world under ordinary conditions, is to do our civilization great injustice. He was in reality as much the product of anarchy as Napoleon—to whom he is often compared—or Rosas, or the Greek Hadgi-Stavros. He saw his opportunities and made his beginnings in a state of things in which all the institutions of a civilized society—the Legislature, the Judiciary, the Exchanges, the means of carrying on commerce and even currency—were made to take part in the semi-military contest of two speculators for the possession of a railroad, and in which a Boss, and not a Buccaneer, was preparing to take possession of a great city and loot the treasury, not on the Spanish Main, but in a Christian Protestant Anglo-Saxon State. One of Gould's own earliest exploits was storming with an armed force a tannery which was defended by his business rivals with another armed force, in regular twelfth-century fashion. In short, the community was, between 1865 and 1873, in that revolutionary condition in which Tweeds, Fisks, and Goulds surely appear, apparently in obedience to a law of social development. As you sow so shall you reap, say the Scriptures. Thorn-trees produce thorns and fig-trees figs, and to stand round Gould's grave now and treat his career as something wonderful is to misunderstand the moral government of the world. Every great modern city—as we have often said in speaking of Tammany—swarms with men capable of making very good Goulds, Fisks, Tweeds, Kellys, and Crokers, under favoring social conditions. Create the needed environment, and you can have them anywhere by the dozen—keen, alert, courageous, resourceful, unscrupulous, ready to use, for either rule or ruin, every weapon which the law and the meanness or greed of their fellow-men put into their hands. It is a sorrowful thing to have to give up whole pages of a newspaper to a chronicle of the exploits of such men. They ought properly to be recorded only in popular mediæval ballads. They are sad anachronisms in the days of "public opinion" and a free press. But the sorrow they cause has its crown when they pass their later years in tranquil prosperity, and go down to the grave with more or less of the admiration of the generation which comes after them, and which has only a vague, if any, memory of the way in which they began their struggle, and sees how far success has gone to palliate or condone their enormous offences against civil society. Their type is to-day the worst enemy with which democracy has to contend—the enemy which, if the great experiment fails, will be the cause of the failure.

The jaunty tone of the daily despatches from Brussels, describing the progress of the Silver Conference, indicates that some very sanguine person has a hand in their composition, possibly Senator Jones. No matter what happens in the Conference, we are always assured that the "American delegates regard the situation cheerfully." When the Rothschild proposition was made, the American delegates were "cheered" by it, looking upon it as a "recognition" by the monometallists of the merits of their claims. When the Rothschild proposition was rejected, the American delegates were again "cheered," declaring that the "way was now cleared for a full discussion of their bimetallic plans in accordance with their original programme." When the British delegates opposed long debates in the interest of speedy adjournment, and the British, German, and Austrian delegates threatened to withdraw at the latest by the middle of December, the American delegates made themselves more "cheerful" than ever by resolving "not to yield to the application for hasty adjournment." In explanation of all this cheerfulness, it is added that the "delegates are having a pleasant time socially," and that "dinners and other entertainments are of nightly occurrence." It is possible that the despatches containing all this "cheer" are written at the close of the "dinners and other entertainments." We shall look for a grand outburst of "cheerfulness" when the Conference collapses.

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THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE.

A SUNDAY newspaper publishes an interview with our Mr. Jones, Senator from Nevada and a delegate to the Brussels Monetary Conference. Mr. Jones, if he is correctly reported, is embarrassed in his great work by the comments of the American press on the proceedings of the Conference. The American delegates, he says, went to it in good faith to promote international bimetallism. They found that Europe was not in favor of that, so the Americans were disposed to take the next best thing—that is, to make a compromise of some sort. What that compromise may be—what may be the best terms that Europe will agree to short of free coinage—is still undetermined; and while the debate is still on, the American newspapers keep up a running fire of comment implying that the whole Conference is a humbug. "When we are doing our best *for our country*," says the Nevada Senator, "the American press steps in and derides our efforts." Then Mr. Jones becomes down hearted and asks: "What can you expect other delegates, acquainted with the comments of the American press, will think? The result is inevitable."

For one member of the American press, we are constrained to reply that the result was inevitable from the beginning. That Europe would not have international bimetallism was known beforehand. She had been interrogated on that point twice already, and had answered in the negative. There was not the least reason to suppose that any nation, great or small, had changed its mind. On the contrary, three of them (Italy, Rumania, and Austria-Hungary) had abandoned the bimetallic or the single silver standard since the last Conference was held in 1881. We have our opinion of the reasons for calling the present Conference. We need not say what those reasons were, but the expectation of international bimetallism was not one of them. What then? Mr. Jones says, "The next best thing."

What is the next best thing to international bimetallism? From the Nevada point of view, it is the purchase of large quantities of silver by somebody, the larger the better. Mr. Jones and his fellow-Senators from the mining camps managed two years ago to get the Government purchases doubled, but the result did not answer their expectations. The price of silver went down more rapidly than it had ever gone before. So hopeless seemed the task of bidding up the price artificially that one of the great political parties protested against it and demanded the repeal of the Sherman Act, and Mr. Sherman himself had advised its repeal. Here was a threatened crisis in the silver market. "The next best thing" was to get Europe to help us to bolster up silver, and especially to commit us to our present policy for a definite period of time. This was the mining point of view exactly, but it met the expectations of no other class. It did not satisfy the free-coinage men who are not silver-producers. Still less did it satisfy those who believe that the gold standard is the best one and the only possible one for us. The latter class would be willing to accept international bimetallism as an experiment, if it were attainable, but they do not think that the necessary number of nations will ever agree to it. Silver-buying on Government account they look upon as sheer waste and as a terrible thing, fraught with present suffering and future disaster. That policy has been in force now nearly fifteen years, and no words can express the shuddering and loathing with which it is contemplated from day to day by the great bulk of our financiers and instructed men of business. They know that the time must come when silver buying will be stopped, and that the silver crisis will grow in the meantime by what it feeds on.

The American press, therefore, faithfully represents the American people—all the people except the silver-mining class (and a part of these, too)—when it says that the next best thing to international bimetallism is to adjourn and come home. There is no other next best thing. Mr Dana Horton, a real bimetallist, is on hand to tell them that. If he does not agree that the next best thing is to take an early passage for home, he will belie everything he has ever said before. We have another friend, a real friend, there, in the person of Mr. Bertram Currie, who told the truth when he said that the United States had undertaken the endless task of Sisyphus and ought to drop it in their own interest and in the interest of the civilized world.

As we bring this article to a close, the following account of recent silver discoveries in Colorado fixes our attention. It is from the *Sun* of December 5:

"DENVER, December 4.—The new discoveries at Creede have had a stimulating effect at that prosperous camp. Persistent prospecting is daily establishing the extent of Creede's mineral belt. The Amethyst is being worked with unprecedented activity, while from the Little Maid and Cleopatra adjoining come most encouraging reports. In the Atlanta a vein has been encountered at a depth of thirty-five feet, which has shown fifty ounces of silver, while further in was encountered a cross feeder of spar and amethyst quartz. The Last Chance and Holy Moses continue to ship many tons of ore, the returns for which are exceedingly gratifying."

Creede is the place where silver can be produced in large quantities at twenty-six cents per ounce. We venture to say that the Last Chance and Holy Moses will do their whole duty and meet any requirements of the Brussels Conference.

FRENCH VIEW OF THE CONFERENCE.

M. CUCHEVAL-CLARIGNY, a leading French writer on financial topics, is publishing a series of articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the Latin Union and the silver question. The second of the series, which appeared in the last number, deals more especially with the Monetary Conference now sitting, but was, of course, simply a prospective view of it, having been written before the meeting. His forecast is interesting.

After giving the history of the previous conferences convened at the request of the American Government, he asks, What reason is there for supposing that the present one will have any more success than its predecessors? The answer to this question, he says, is to be found in the subsequent acts and declarations of the various Powers which took part in them. He shows that Germany, Italy, Austria, Russia, and England have all, since 1881, through their Ministers of Finance, distinctly intimated that there was for them and their respective countries no silver question at all, and that they attend the conferences asked for by the United States simply as a piece of courtesy due to a great nation. He further quotes the protests against an accumulation of silver made in their messages by Presidents Hayes, Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison, and continues thus:

"How could it be otherwise? Is it not a chimerical enterprise to try to compel people to use a kind of money they do not like when they have a better kind within their reach? Why have Americans remained deaf to the advice of their Presidents urging them to withdraw their paper money from circulation? Would not the substitution of silver dollars for greenbacks have offered them a sufficient outlet for the produce of their mines? Why are they straining their Constitution by keeping $300,000,000 of paper money afloat? Simply because the greenbacks—which have been at par in gold since 1879, have the guarantee of the Federal Government, and are legal tender in the payment of debts—have all the advantages of convenience and security which are offered to us by the notes of the Bank of France. As to the silver certificates, they constitute a second kind of notes, with a metallic guarantee lying in the Treasury vaults; and they have entered into circulation to the extent of $240,000,000. Add these to the gold certificates, which offer the same facilities, and to the bank bills, and you perceive that the United States have four kinds of currency, representing five thousand million francs, while their circulation of silver, of their own free will and in obedience to their manifest preferences, is not more than three hundred million francs, or five francs per head of population. In the presence of these facts and figures, is it possible to take the American proposals seriously? Are they anything but, as Mr. Luzzatti [the Italian Minister of Finance] intimated, an attempt to unload on Europe a mass of silver dollars, created by useless and reckless coinage?"

The fall of prices which some ascribe to the scarcity of gold, he ascribes to overproduction, more particularly in the iron, cotton and woollen, and silk industries. He then proceeds to ridicule the notion that the world needs more coined money as an instrument of exchange, in view of the enormous masses of coin and bullion now lying idle in the banks, and more particularly in view of the tremendous advances made in all the civilized countries in the use of checks, banknotes, bills of exchange, and other instruments of credit, in the work of trade and commerce. In truth, the most striking phenomenon of the industrial world to-day is the growing disuse of the precious metals as money except for small change. The growing tendency of all civilized nations now is to do business,

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both domestic and foreign, by setting off debts against debts, which may fairly be called a new modern art, and makes the yells of the bimetallists for more coin increasingly absurd.

The report of the Bank of France for 1886 showed that the proportion of banknotes used in the transactions of that year was 52 per cent., of other instruments of credit 43½ per cent., and that of coin only 4½ per cent. Mr. Birch, a London financier, was so much impressed by these figures that he asked the directors of the Bank of England to give him similar ones, showing the part played by the three different instruments of exchange in their operations in one week taken at random. They gave him the results of a daily average of £4,445,000, which were: drafts and checks 87½ per cent., banknotes 12½ per cent., and coin ¼ of one per cent.! There was one day in which, in a sum total of payments amounting to £4,775,593, the part played by coin was only £4,632. The private banks in England have the same story to tell. In 1887 the part of coin in these transactions was 4½ per thousand. In 1880 Mr. Pownall estimated that the coin used by ten London banks was only 9½ per thousand. In 1881 the number of checks drawn on the country banks of which Glyn & Co. were the London correspondents was in three days 19,950, of which 2¼ per cent. were under a pound sterling. In 1887, in the corresponding three days, the total number of checks was 35,090, of which 4 per cent. were under a pound.

The same process is going on rapidly in every country. Even the bill of exchange is being to a considerable degree supplanted by telegraphic orders—that is, money which used to be sent across the ocean in boxes or banknotes or drafts, is now sent by telegraphic set-offs. A merchant in Hong Kong doing business with New York settles the transaction through the telegraph just as promptly as if he were himself face to face with his customer in Lombard Street.

M. Cucheval-Clarigny is sarcastic about the notion that the supply of gold needed by the great nations is falling short. He quotes Mr. Leech as showing that the production of gold was 140,555 kilogrammes in 1886 and 188,531 in 1891. M. Ottomar Haupt, a great authority on metals, says the gold coinage of the world, which was 494,000,000 francs in 1886, was 650,000,000 in 1887, 702,000,000 in 1888, and 879,000,000 in 1889. The amounts in all the banks and in private hands are also enormous. With these figures in the pocketbooks of the European delegates, the task of the Americans was of course hopeless from the beginning.

SUNDAY AT CHICAGO NEXT YEAR.

THE reassembling of Congress brings into prominence the question how Sunday shall be treated at the Chicago Exposition next year. Senators and Representatives will be compelled to define their position, as the issue is bound to come to a vote. The President of the Board of Directors has written a letter on the subject, copies of which have been sent to every member, stating the attitude of the management and presenting their arguments for Sunday opening. They maintain that the closing of the Fair on Sunday would deprive a host of people of an opportunity to enjoy the spectacle which ought to be granted to all who wish to improve it, and declare their own belief that a majority of the American people are in favor of granting this opportunity. They propose to "stop all machinery, merchandising, and unnecessary labor," to require the services of as few attendants as possible, and to enforce a rule that no employee shall work more than six days a week, besides furnishing facilities for the conduct of religious services.

We contend that the Directors are entirely right in believing that a majority of the American people will favor such a system of Sunday opening. The demonstration against it which furnished Congressmen an excuse for their votes at the last session, was largely a fictitious show of strength. It was chiefly a matter of paper. Printed petitions were distributed all over the country by organized effort, and the national weakness for signing any sort of a petition sufficed to secure a great number of names. A smaller expenditure of energy would easily have secured a larger and more intelligent showing on the other side.

The arguments in favor of closing will not stand examination. The one which is most relied upon is altogether out of date—that freedom to view the treasures of the Chicago Exposition will be "the entering wedge" for the introduction of "the Continental Sunday." The truth is, that this wedge was inserted many years ago by two of our most conservative cities—Boston and Philadelphia—and driven in a little deeper more tardily by New York, when public libraries, museums, and art collections were thrown open for the enjoyment of the people on Sunday. This experiment has now had a thorough trial in each of these three cities, and not one of the predicted evils has been realized. In no case has it resulted in any movement towards turning Sunday into a day of work or of riotous pleasure. The argument for keeping the Chicago Exposition closed on Sunday is simply an argument for again shutting the doors of every museum, library, and art collection that is now open on that day—and such an argument would be overwhelmed with ridicule in Philadelphia, Boston, or New York.

Indeed, the whole argument for opening the Chicago Fair on Sunday is simply the same argument that has been endorsed by public sentiment wherever it has been put in practice on a smaller scale. The opening of the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park disturbs no New Yorker who prefers to spend the whole of Sunday in religious worship or meditation, or who considers it a sin to gaze upon a work of art on Sunday. All that such a person has to do to avoid contamination is to stay away. In like manner, the visitor to Chicago who wants to spend the day in church-going or in religious reading in his room will not be annoyed by those whose tastes lead them to prefer other employment of their time.

In fact, it would be hard to imagine a method whereby those who differ in their views as to the best way of spending Sunday can be more easily accommodated than by opening the grounds for those who choose to enter. Nobody proposes to require any person to visit the Exposition on that day, so that no one who has conscientious scruples against so doing will need to violate them—nor, indeed, to see them violated by others. On the other hand, nobody who considers a visit to the grounds the most profitable way of spending the day will be prevented from following his predilections. The Sabbatarian will not be driven into the Exposition against his will, and the liberal will not be barred out of it against his will. Each class will spend the day as it thinks wisest, and neither will disturb the other.

The national sentiment in favor of fair play is altogether on the side of those who advocate Sunday opening, and it will respond emphatically when an appeal is made to it. The plea of the Sabbatarian that nobody shall be allowed to visit the Fair on that day because he, the Sabbatarian, does not think he ought to go, is a plea for ecclesiastical despotism which is altogether out of date in this country and this age.

We repeat that the directors are right in holding that a majority of the people are opposed to Sunday closing. As the will of the majority ought to prevail, Congress should at its approaching session revoke the ill-judged prohibition of such opening which it was persuaded to approve at the last session. No foolish pride of consistency should prevent Senators and Representatives from undoing a hasty blunder which it would be almost a crime to sustain.

THE LATEST "HILL-MURPHY CONSPIRACY."

NOTHING has been more remarkable in the career of David Bennett Hill than his consistent inability to comprehend the size of the United States. Because he was able to build up a political machine which he could control absolutely in the State of New York, he was deluded into the belief that, by applying the same methods to the whole country, he could force his party to throw over its strongest candidate for the Presidency and nominate him in his place. The National Democratic Convention repudiated this idea with such contemptuous emphasis that one would have supposed that even Mr. Hill would have learn-

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ed a lesson from it, but he did not. He began at once to set on foot a plan to defeat the election of the Convention's nominee unless the latter should first consent to sell himself to the Hill Machine as the price of the electoral vote of New York. This plan failed also, because of the indignant refusal of the nominee and because of the people's determination to elect him.

No experienced student of election returns can examine the figures from this State and not become convinced that the Hill-Murphy Machine did the most it could without detection to prevent Mr. Cleveland's election. In all parts of the State above the city limits the trace of the Hill knife is discernible. Mr. Cleveland's total vote, which is known to have been increased by the accession of thousands of men hitherto Republican, falls off in every strong Hill locality, and falls far below what it ought to have been and would have been had the full Democratic strength been polled for it. Many of the Hill Democrats refrained from voting, and many others of them voted for Harrison in 1892 as they did in 1888. Indeed, there is good reason for believing that had there not been a straight issue on the Presidency, with no Governorship at stake at the same time, the State might have been sold to the Republicans by Hill this year as it was in 1888, when, according to the *Tribune*, "Hill succeeded only because he was able to sell a Presidency for a Governorship." The Hill Murphy Machine did little or nothing to help Cleveland in the State, but devoted all its energies to the election of a Legislature which should send Mr. Murphy to the United States Senate.

Having failed first to prevent Mr. Cleveland's nomination, and second to defeat his election, Mr. Hill proposes to take Mr. Murphy with him into the United States Senate, and there prevent Mr. Cleveland from exercising his powers as President. In other words, having been repudiated by his party in national convention and at the polls, Mr. Hill presumes to dictate in the Senate the policy of his party, and of the President whom the party has nominated and an overwhelming majority of the people have elected! He and Murphy propose to sit in the Senate and to oppose all of President Cleveland's appointees whom they do not like, and to appeal to the Democratic majority to sustain them in that course on the ground of "Senatorial courtesy." They pretend to believe that in this way they can tie the President's hands completely, block the course of his policy, and force him to surrender to their wishes! Mr. Hill has made many miscalculations, but none comparable to this. It is very clear that he will never comprehend the size of the United States.

That this latest conspiracy will fail as disastrously as the preceding one did is inevitable. Mr. Cleveland was nominated and elected because of his strength with the people—a strength which had been manifested in many ways, but which had not formally been put in evidence. The elections have thus put it in evidence in a manner which no man can question. He is the President-elect of the whole people, and would have been chosen even had the Hill-Murphy Machine been able to deprive him of the vote of New York. He will sit in the White House with a power behind him incomparably greater than that which made Mr. Hill's former conspiracies so futile. As the Democratic majority in the Senate after March 4 will not be composed entirely of imbeciles, it is scarcely necessary to speculate as to the probability of their choice between a discredited and rejected politician like Hill and a President like Cleveland, who not only has the people behind him, but all the offices at his disposal. The people would very soon make it known to their Senators on which side they stood in such a contest.

So far as this great State is concerned, the spectacle which it will present to the country will be pitiable enough. It has furnished the country with the most popular Presidential candidate that it has had for years, and the country has elected him with delight and by a most significant majority. Yet, having done this, the State is to be represented in the Senate by two political jobbers who are going there for the express purpose of trying to "get up a row" with the President over the distribution of the offices. Neither one of them has any other conception of his office than as a basis for the distribution of spoils. Not an honest or public-spirited idea has entered the mind of either one of them throughout his political career. Both are as incapable of representing the great commercial and industrial interests of the first State in the Union as they are of comprehending the forces which have baffled all their previous conspiracies against Mr. Cleveland and are foreordained to baffle this their final and weakest one. It is an unspeakable misfortune that the terms of both in the Senate will continue long after the Machine which has put them there to belie the intelligence and morality of the State, shall have been destroyed, as it is certain to be in this final struggle with Mr. Cleveland.

THE FRENCH TROUBLE.

It must be borne in mind that it is not the Panama Canal scandal alone which has overthrown the Loubet Ministry and has plunged French politics into such disorder. The Panama scandal has simply brought to the boiling point the public indignation over a long series of weaknesses and failures on the part of the Ministry in dealing with the Socialists and Anarchists. The Panama charges are being pushed because the Ministry was already discredited by the multiplied signs of its incapacity to meet the growing audacity of the Socialist organizations and the trades unions, and the growing tendency to legislate in their favor and against the employer class.

Some of the illustrations of this which M. Leroy-Beaulieu furnishes in the last number of the *Économiste Français* may well be called alarming. The trades-unions in France are recognized as corporate bodies by law, and have been committing acts of the grossest oppression in excess of their legal powers or rights. The Court of Cassation had recently to reverse a decision of the court below denying relief to a non-union workman to whom the employers of the whole region had been formally forbidden by the local union to give work. In the Department of the Nièvre, the unions have actually imposed a tax on non-unionists, and have compelled the employers to stop the amount out of their wages. A Labor Exchange (*Bourse de Travail*) has been built and furnished luxuriously by the municipality in Paris—a "veritable palace," M. Leroy-Beaulieu calls it—and it receives an annual subvention from the city treasury. Its ostensible aim was to supply a meeting-place for laborers in search of employment or of information about work and wages. It has in practice become a centre or headquarters of revolutionary politics, in which the Anarchists hold meetings and denounce Society and Government and applaud law-breakers. The proceedings in it have for several years been a great public scandal, but no Ministry has had the courage to shut it up or reform it.

The Carmaux strike was the legitimate outcome of this governmental feebleness. There the strikers took possession not only of the mine, but of the town. They elected one of the strikers Mayor, and he set the authority of the Prefect at defiance, refused to allow his proclamations to be posted, mocked at the police, and appeared at the head of processions carrying the red flag of the Commune and threatening the "bourgeois" with death and spoliation. All the while, too, several members of the Chamber were on the ground, encouraging the strikers and denouncing the gendarmes and the troops. On the top of these things have come the explosions of dynamite in Paris and the terror inspired by dynamitard threats not only among the officers of the law, but among persons who live in the same house with them. The tenants in one apartment-building have left it because the Procureur-Général who prosecuted Ravachol lived there, and a dynamitard deputation has actually had the courage to go to a newspaper office and warn the editor that they would put him on their black-list if he did not stop denouncing them.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu sums up his description of the situation as follows:

"The evil in France is a general evil, which has greatly grown within a few years, and particularly within a few months. It is both political and social. From the political standpoint it consists in the fact that the Government is composed of men who cling to the vain title of 'Minister' while failing to discharge its duties, who capitulate every day both wholesale and retail, retain no effective authority and

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contribute more and more to the weakening of justice, police, and administration. From the social standpoint the evil consists in the overflow of an excessive and frivolous sentimentalism, very like that which was the fashion towards the end of the eighteenth century, and disregards the natural laws on which both the production and distribution of products rest, and in constant and increasing concessions to Socialism, both in word and deed, and in the adoption of the Socialistic formula by a crowd of featherheads and popularity-seekers."

The result has been the diffusion of the old alarm about property and order which put France under the foot of both the first and the second Napoleon, and a renewal of the doubts about the power of a republic to deal with the forces of anarchy which made Boulangism possible. Why it is that the Republic is exposed, every now and then, to these doubts it is hard for foreigners to understand. There is no country in Europe in which property is more widely diffused than in France, or in which the great body of the people, especially the farmers, are readier to sacrifice political liberty for the sake of security. The Socialist element is but a very small part of the French population, and is confined to the large towns. Why, under these circumstances, the Ministers are afraid to be vigorous and peremptory does not appear on the surface of French politics, and can be explained only by the readiness of the Conservatives to join with the extreme Radicals in the Chamber whenever there is a chance to bring Republican institutions into discredit.

THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

ITALY, November 15, 1892.

IN Italy, as in England and in America, the electoral struggles are over. In Italy, as in America and in England, the champions of liberty, economical and political, have won the day. With the affirmation of a strong liberal majority there seems a chance of a strong, durable Government. The present Ministry has had the open support of the men who have never deviated from their liberal principles, to whom are due the great liberal measures of the last eighteen years. Around these have rallied some of the ablest and purest names in the country. Though Crispi himself has not in so many words pronounced in favor of the Government, he has offered no opposition, and his paper, the *Riforma*, warmly praised the ministerial report which accompanied the decree for dissolution. Nor could Crispi do otherwise. He objects to the pressure of the ministerial agents during the elections, which has excluded some of his warmest friends and supporters, but, alas! Crispi himself adopted the same system to his cost, even as all his predecessors and successors, from Cavour to Giolitti. In the main, Giolitti's programme is a modified edition of Crispi's own, and it is clear that many of the salutary reforms proposed and carried by Crispi, but left in abeyance or neglected or modified by Rudini, will now be taken up again and continued and carried out to their full extent. I allude especially to the reform of the charitable institutions, to the reform of the communal laws, to the pensions for old age, the organization of coöperative societies of bona-fide workingmen, internal colonization rather than African extension—everything, in short, that shall tend to increase production and adjust distribution, by which alone can the Italians hope to make ends meet and apply the wealth of the country, never yet much to boast of, to its own increase through agriculture and industry in the country itself. The deficit is placed at 28,000,000, and no promises are made that this can be suddenly filled up, but the expenses are being kept under, and the income rather than the land-tax is looked to for an increase of receipts. There is to be no fresh taxation, nor any increase in old taxes, until all other methods have been exhausted. There is a proposal for a Government monopoly of lucifer matches and petroleum which would at most disgust some noted speculators, but would not increase the price of the articles to the public.

Of course any rupture or change in the terms of the Triple Alliance is not contemplated. The expenses of the war budget are thus stated in round numbers, for late years: 1887-8, 318,000,000 lire; 1888-9, 405,000,000; 1889-90, 307,000,000; 1890-91, 290,000,000; 1891-92, 260,000,000. Next year we are to spend only 241,000,000. The expenses of the navy, which in 1887 stood at 114,000,000, are this year to be 105,000,000. But what is more satisfactory is, to know that the hopes of the future are to be placed less in an enormous standing army than in the general military education of the people in the schools and a thorough system of national rifle associations; that the term of service is to be reduced, so it is hoped, from three to two years; and, that while the *cadres* are to remain intact, fewer soldiers will be kept under the colors. With the aforesaid military instruction at home there will still be an efficient army to be called on in case the hopes of peace should be blasted and the nation summoned to defend its frontiers. This, you see, is a very different attitude towards the *triplice* from that assumed four years since, but then the state of Europe is also changed. The attitude of France towards Italy is modified; the grand meeting of the fleets at Genoa was cordial and hearty, and there is some chance of the resumption of commercial relations between the two countries, as France still needs Italian wines and Italian raw silk, and, with the new commercial treaties with Germany, Switzerland, and Austria-Hungary, it may be that the French will see their way clear to deal directly with Italy rather than receive her wines, etc., through a roundabout route. At any rate there is a truce to the press warfare between the two countries, and the present Ministry and Zanardelli especially will do all that lies in human power to avoid giving offence to their supersensitive neighbors. What the country wants is breathing space, and the electors have very decidedly taken as their war-cry, "Confound the factions!"

If the present Ministry should succeed in carrying through certain reforms in the system of procedure, insisted on by Zanardelli when he propounded his penal code, a long step will be taken towards the repression and the prevention of crime. Police reform and the swift administration of justice, the reform of ordinary prisons rather than the erection of "model penal establishments," would go far to save young offenders from growing old in crime by contact with vice and infamy. There are sentences in both the ministerial programme and in Zanardelli's wonderful speech which imply that they really mean to take in hand the question of land tenure and land reform. While thousands of hard-working peasants are starving or dying of pellagra (the disease produced by exclusive feeding on maize) or from malaria, thousands of acres of land are lying uncultivated and become pestilential sources of fever, ague, and death. Under the head of "Social Legislation," Zanardelli says, "The culture of the soil ought not to meet with obstacles in that inflexible proprietorship which the old *jus abutendi* maintains, to the detriment of all social progress, which renders internal colonization impossible, whereas this system would not only attach the peasant by his material interests to the general interests of the country, but would immensely increase the wealth of the nation." How often has this truth to be repeated before an attempt is made to put it in practice? Were a party, supported by the Government, to attempt such a colonization in good earnest, I do not doubt that funds would be forthcoming from wealthy persons in Italy, for it is a fact that the sums subscribed and bequeathed for charitable purposes increase yearly. Only yesterday a wealthy Israelite of Milan left 15,000,000 of lire for the foundation of a labor school in the city for the unoccupied poor, without any distinction of religious denomination. With regard to ecclesiastical policy the old Left is true to its flag—liberty of conscience for all, the church property remaining to be used for the maintenance of parish priests, but the Vatican to be kept from the power to harm. The proposal is made to restore to the crown the right of revoking the *exequatur* and *placet* whenever the prelates, abusing their office, preach sedition and excite the ignorant masses against the civil power. If this measure were carried out, half the bishops and archbishops would have to mind their manners or lose their temporalities. This, one of the fundamental principles of the old historical Left, reappearing on the scene, is another sign that the "transformism" of late years is disappearing.

The extreme moderates and the ultra-radicals who have decried the Triple Alliance and pursued a policy of obstruction are nowhere. One of these, a popular poet and a man of considerable ability, having no chance in Milan, which returned him with overwhelming numbers before, has been defeated in the little college of Belgiojoso. Likewise, Imbriani, whose constant interruptions and impertinences turned the House into a beargarden, has been defeated in three colleges. Unfortunately, they have carried down in their fall some of the real champions of liberty and of popular progress—the great sculptor and true democrat, Ettore Ferrari, the workingmen's candidates, Maffi and Armirotti; and this is a dire misfortune. Costa, the representative of the Socialists, is also defeated, but other Socialists have succeeded. Some capital additions have been made to the radical party, and there is a faint hope that once again the extreme Left, instead of being an undisciplined, useless—nay, baneful—element, will return to its own mission as exercised of old under the leadership of Bertani, Avezzani, and other makers of Italy, and will retake its position of advanced sentinels of liberty, sustaining the Government when its measures are those of right and progress, and stimulating it to activity and courage when it shows hesitation or fear. The moderates have made a desperate fight, and, with the assistance of the Catholics, who, though they do not yet dare to present themselves as candidates, nevertheless vote plentifully, have secured a certain number of seats; but some of their magnates have fallen ignominiously. Bonghi, who stood in three colleges, has not succeeded in any; and to-day his fate will be

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decided in the one college of Agnani, where he is in ballot with his competitor.

One defeat has caused genuine grief to all patriots, without distinction of party, and that is of Alberto Cavallotti, almost the last survivor of the prisoners of the Spielberg—a man who has fought for religious and political liberty in the foremost ranks; one of Crispi's supporters, though a moderate in past times, and until now always elected almost without opposition in the same college of Venetia. His reëlection was combated in a circular letter of the archbishop of the diocese, who recorded against him an able speech showing the encroachments of the Vatican on the liberties of the State. The clericals fighting with the moderates, Cavallotti succumbed. He will be appointed Senator as a tribute to his unblemished patriotism. This is one of the results of the return to the uninominal college, as is called the old system abolished in 1886 and replaced by the *scrutin de liste*, or vote by all the electors of a single province for all the Deputies to which the college is entitled. This change was clamored for by those who believed that political corruption had increased under the new system, but their provisions were unsound. It is much easier for the prefects to prevail on the syndics and on the most influential persons in one college to vote for this one candidate and against that, than to succeed in the same trick when four, five, or even seven candidates are to be elected by the entire electoral body. Again, the champions of the "one college one candidate platform" used another argument. Said they: The *scrutin de liste* has lessened the number of voters; the people don't care for a list of names many of which they have never heard of, hence they don't take the trouble of going to the voting-hall—and with seeming reason they quoted the affluence of electors in 1876, which amounted to almost seventy-five per cent. of the whole. But in that year, as until 1882, the suffrage was restricted to 600,000 voters; now the electors amount to over three millions. Then, too, 1876 was the year of the fall of the Moderate party and the advent to power of the great Liberal party, for the first time since the constitution of the kingdom of Italy. Also, it is generally admitted by his friends and foes that Nicotera, Minister of the Interior during the first elections, did not use the coercion of his predecessors and successors, but really left the country free to choose its own representatives. All this would account for the increase of the voters; but, since the extension of the suffrage, the attendance at the urns has considerably fallen off. In 1885 it was fifty-eight per cent., in 1890 it was fifty-three per cent. In that year, you will remember, Crispi obtained an enormous majority, which, without rhyme or reason, broke up two months after. Last Sunday the attendance at the voting-halls did not throughout the country attain to fifty per cent. Hence nothing has been gained by the return to the uninominal college, as far as national dignity and electoral purity are concerned. A minor attempt to lessen bribery and corruption has brought ridicule on the clumsy methods adopted. It was affirmed that many electors, instead of voting themselves, sent proxies; so by the new law no one was to be allowed to vote who could not prove his identity to the sitting committee. Hence the most absurd scenes ensued. The present Government, recognizing the evil effects of the measure, has agreed to abolish it; but meanwhile it has served its end as an electoral manœuvre.

As yet the attitude of the Southern Deputies is said to be decidedly favorable to the Government. It is not yet clear what attitude Nicotera will assume in the House. He has, during the elections, supported many of the candidates devoted to Crispi. The programme of the present Government is almost a facsimile of that presented by the first Ministry of the Left, of which Nicotera formed a prominent part as Minister for Home Affairs. That he should have accepted office with the moderate, Rudini, was considered an error by his friends; but no one accuses him of having abjured his Liberal principles. To-morrow the Chambers open, and when the elections are sanctioned or cancelled, we shall see how the tide sets in. J. W. M.

P. S. The ballotings are over, and the results add to the Ministerial majority. But numbers of those who won their seats as Ministerials are already clamoring for benches in the Centre, in that neither "t'other nor which" portion of the House against which Zanardelli launched the Biblical anathema, "And because thou art neither cold nor hot," etc. Nicotera has published an indignant letter against "the more than usually indecent interference in the elections." Bonghi has not succeeded. Sicily, out of fifty-two Deputies, sends but five moderates, with four radical Socialists; the rest all for the Ministry. Now as Sicily is nine-tenths *Crispino*, it is certain that Crispi's influence has not gone against the Government.

CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING—AND IRELAND.

Rome, November 20, 1892.

Only when you have travelled for some months do you begin to realize the extent of the floating population of tourists spreading everywhere over the Continent. As summer and autumn visitors, German-speaking people now apparently outnumber any other. As more or less permanent residents, moving northwards at the approach of summer and southwards at the approach of winter, Britons and Americans are certainly more numerous. The observer must often reflect where this great flood of travel is to end, what are its effects likely to be on the countries visited, on those who travel and on those who remain at home. The influence on the native population, where a large number of tourists temporarily reside, cannot be essentially good. Judging by my own observations, however, I believe the average results, so far as yet apparent, among the Swiss and Italians are less demoralizing than those among the inhabitants of tourist resorts in Great Britain and Ireland. These "foreigners" are less grasping than our insular population; persons with an imperfect knowledge of the language are less imposed upon, less at a disadvantage, than they would be with us. The ease with which so many can now absent themselves from home life must have a considerable influence, acknowledged or not, on those at home who cannot travel. Formerly, whatever were their different means and conditions, the lives of all flowed on from cradle to grave very much together. What affected one more usually affected all. Now that so large a proportion of the middle class can avoid the evils of crowded town life, that so many of them can indulge in a summer trip, that so many can flee pestilence or can at will change their skies, it is inevitable that the stay-at-home masses, chained to one spot, should more and more demand the right to decide the laws and conditions under which they are obliged to live.

The ennobling and educating effects of travel on most travellers for pleasure nowadays are on the whole doubtful. To have travelled by no means implies at present increased cultivation of mind, as it did when privations had to be endured to attain its benefits, and when books were less accessible than they now are. Many a "school-marm" who never leaves her own district, many a mechanic who can rest only factory holidays from his labor, is better informed, has more real knowledge of the inner life and history of the nations, than numbers of individuals who float round in ocean palaces and sleeping-cars, and return to fill their rooms and astonish their friends with knicknacks, photographs, and antiques (pseudo or real) from foreign lands. The average tone of thought and conversation at Continental hotels and boarding-houses, the average attitude of mind towards home politics and towards the inhabitants of the country visited, the average spirit displayed in the Continental papers meant for circulation among British and American residents, are the truest gauge of what that tone of thought, that attitude of mind, that spirit generally is; and, so estimated, they seem neither broad nor elevated. I know no Continental nation more deserving of our sympathy than the Italians, or making more heroic efforts to reverse an unfortunate past, no nation that has more belied the sinister anticipations of even the shrewdest minds of thirty years ago, none confronted by more difficult problems or more likely to be embarrassed by outside influences affecting her development. To no nation do I hear harder measure meted out by temporary sojourners within her borders.

Unless when circumstances or health or study demand living abroad, there is a certain want of dignity in such a life as it often is—a butterfly existence, running around seeking something new, or craving to see all that others have seen. I more and more understand the feelings of one of your great men, lately passed away, who, having visited the Continent in his youth, never cared to visit it again; of Edmund Quincy and Whittier, who preferred picturing foreign countries in their minds to seeing them with their eyes. There is one class of persons to whom travel would be most beneficial, and yet who proportionally do not enjoy it as much as others. I refer to party politicians. What more instructive than to come away for a while, and find how little the affairs that agitate us are known or heeded beyond our shores! What more likely than occasional travel to enlighten a spirit of petty provincialism, such as that of a certain politician, of no mean eminence, who, sitting by me at some celebration in Connaught years ago, exclaimed, "Is it not interesting to think that the eyes of all Europe are now fastened upon us?" What more calculated to bring before us the eternal issues involved, to minimize the passing complications, the personal pettinesses that inevitably gather round every struggle? And what more likely to impress on the ordinary political functionary of any common sense the fact that he can be very well dispensed with, that it is by no means incumbent on him to barter truth and principle—to sell his soul, as it were—in order, for the ostensible benefit of his city or country, to maintain himself in a prominent or representative position?

The thought of politics leads back to my own country, concerning which, although abroad for some time, I have kept myself fully informed. Mr. Gladstone's Government is, in the face of greatest difficulties, through

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many temptations to turn aside from the right path, redeeming all its promises regarding Ireland, doing all that a Government can, in the interval between its advent to power and its meeting Parliament with a programme of well-considered measures. Mr. Morley's administration of Irish affairs, the abrogation of all the Coercion Act forces, the dismissal of Col. Turner, the appointment of Mr. Murrough O'Brien to the Land Commission, the instituting an inquiry regarding the position of the evicted tenants and the means by which they can be reinstated, are incontestable proofs that a new era has dawned. It lies with the Irish people whether they are to reap the full benefits of the change, or whether, when another election comes, they are again to be relegated to unsettlement and the old weary round of demoralizing patronage and exasperating coercion. It rests with the Irish people. And yet we must acknowledge the extent to which, as compared with seven years ago, the importance of Irish politics has been overshadowed by social, especially labor problems, affecting equally the entire United Kingdom. Ireland's best friends in England are in the North. Too many of them have been carried away by the bimetallic craze; and Mr. Balfour, since his defeat, has ranged himself on the side of bimetallism. Industrial complications, rearrangements of parties, and general disturbances, some involving serious consequences, are likely to result in the United Kingdom from these labor questions, from the readiness with which so many politicians accept theories, not only as to the possibility of wages being maintained at an unnatural level, but regarding the right of unions to exclude outsiders from employment. Such horrors as occasionally occur with you at Homestead and elsewhere are to be deprecated; but the repressive power of our executive is by no means an unmixed blessing. Our people are not, like yours, from time to time afforded palpable demonstration of the working out of unsound principles. Possibly we in the long run may be led farther astray than you. But whatever general complications, such as I have indicated, may arise, the fate of the Liberal party, and with it the hopes of an Irish settlement, rest with the Irish people themselves. The majority continue true to the Liberal Alliance, to those principles enunciated and acted upon by Mr. Parnell till the hour of his fall. The worst fault of too many prominent in the majority is a tendency to impute vile motives to the Redmondite party. Much of this is hyperbolical and for effect; they cannot surely believe that Mr. Redmond and Mr. Mahony and Mr. Harrington, with whom for years they worked side by side in the closest intimacy, are the monsters depicted. But such language, fully exploited by enemies, operates most disastrously for us in Great Britain, where it tends to degrade the whole Irish people and undermine confidence in them. It were better had the Paris funds at first been sunk in the ocean than that the sordid bickerings and complications concerning them had been permitted.

It is a pity the majority have not frankly acknowledged that the Redmondite schism originated partly from an honest uprising against real or supposed clerical dictation. The apparently all but universal accord of Roman Catholics with clericalism in Ireland, so fostered by her history, which prevailed until a few years ago, will never again prevail. In Redmondism we have the commencement of that divergence of feeling which has sooner or later occurred in all Catholic countries. It would be more straightforward and politic for the Irish majority, while, as they well might, standing by the clergy in their general action, to acknowledge the heinousness of such language as that for which a Catholic priest was lately subjected to a month's imprisonment, rather than, through their chief organ, turn the incident into a fresh argument against the minority because the prosecution was instituted by one of them. That any party of patriotic Irishmen, any body of men professing to desire a settlement, pretending to hold to the principle that the majority in Ireland should rule—that any such body of men should adopt the present attitude of the Unionists towards Mr. Morley's Government, seems almost incredible. It must arise partly from individual spleen at being placed in a small minority, from a determination that there shall never be any settlement with Great Britain, or from an underhand, perhaps unconscious, desire to curry favor with the Conservatives. The minority appear bent on embarrassing, and if possible bringing about the ruin of, the Government by making demands upon it impossible to concede, regarding subsidiary matters upon which they must know the English are not so clear as they are concerning the main question of home rule. Mr. Redmond, at Waterford a few days ago, is reported to have spoken of Mr. Morley's policy in Ireland as one "of cowardice, of delay, and of evasion," and to have declared that "he failed altogether to see the great change in the position of any of the great political questions that they had near at heart." Home rule is necessary mainly because of British ignorance regarding Ireland and Irish affairs. The Conservative party and their organs are with almost fiendish ingenuity utilizing this ignorance to prevent the concession of home rule. They carefully suppress the fact that a British party is now, for the first time in history, heartily supported by the most tried and trusted leaders of Irish public opinion, and by the vast majority of the nation, as represented by 71 of its 103 elected members of Parliament. Mr. Redmond, Mr. Mahony, and Mr. Harrington, the leaders of a party of nine, are put forward and fully reported as representing Ireland, alternately patronized as patriots and gentlemen and held up through their utterances as proof of the impossibility of ever reconciling the sister island. The Conservative policy regarding Ireland is illogical and aimless. Surely what is wanted is to pin the Irish people to some reasonable settlement, to take them at their word, pledged before the world, and, backed by the public opinion of the world, to hold them to their engagement. No country ever made a treaty with another in which the majority was so fully represented as in this case it would be.

The action of the Irish Ascendancy party, of men who, under the continuance of a Balfour régime, would occupy seats on the Irish bench, towards Judge Mathew shows that they require not just judgment but special judgment in Ireland. The attitude of the *Times* and the British Conservative press towards him proves that they are not prepared to extend to the Irish people the safeguards extended to Englishmen through the respect usually shown the English bench. Judge Mathew is a judge of irreproachable character. His legal knowledge, the fairness of his decisions, have never heretofore been questioned. If when called upon, unfortunately for himself, to sit in Ireland, his judgment failed to satisfy Englishmen, surely the conviction ought to strike the thoughtful and fair-minded among them that the system judged, rather than the Judge, is at fault. That the landlords have withdrawn from his commission cannot ultimately improve their position.

Regarding Irish affairs as a whole, it is perhaps dangerous to predict before Parliament meets. If, after the general election, there was some danger of our being unduly elated, there is perhaps at present some excuse for our being unduly depressed. The situation is certainly one of great gravity. D. B.

HENRI DE VIRIEU.—II.

PARIS, November 25, 1892.

WE left Virieu after the departure of the Duchess de Rohan, his second mother, with the emigration. He remained in Paris, occupied with the framing of the Constitution. He did not oppose the enumeration of the rights of man, but insisted upon the admission of the name of God into the preamble of the Constitution. Mme. de Rohan remained a long time in Burgundy with her friends the Jaucourts, waiting, perhaps, for a change in Virieu's mind, and hesitating to leave for ever those whom she loved best in the world; she finally went away in December, 1789, and started for Nice, where she wished to stay till the tempest was over. Virieu was now beginning to ascend Calvary; his loyalism to the crown received a new blow every day. He asked in vain for the royal "veto"—the King was now called the Executive; the master of twenty-four millions of subjects had become the subject of twenty-four millions of masters.

Just at that moment Mme. de Tourzel, the great-aunt of Mme. de Virieu, was appointed governess of the children of France. She accepted a function which had become a danger. Virieu had become in all the revolutionary papers the "infamous Virieu." When the Parisian fishwomen made their expedition to Versailles and invaded the hall of the Chamber, Mme. de Virieu was with her aunt, Mme. de Tourzel, in the palace. In the night the palace was invaded by an armed multitude. The Dauphin was carried rapidly to the King's room. "The Queen joined them; her hair was down; she had on only a little coat *rayée jaune*. What a picture! Marie Antoinette, Mme. Elisabeth, the children, all pressed against each other before a window, through which looked the King. In the passages, on the staircases—everywhere the crowd, everywhere screams, dead bodies; under the window, a furious and drunken crowd demanded the Queen on the ba cony." The King in Paris was the wish, the order of the mob. Louis XVI. obeyed, and abandoned Versailles. The Assembly decided to follow him. The journey lasted seven hours. Mme. de Virieu was taken in one of the carriages, expecting all the time to see the head of her husband at the end of one of the pikes which were brandished round her.

Virieu's political theories were entirely wrecked in these two historic days, the 5th and 6th of October. He belonged to the group which called itself Constitutional, and what was the Constitution worth? Mounier and Lally were already asking for passports. In a letter to Mounier, who left Paris, Virieu says: "The atmosphere in which I live seems poisonous. The crimes and the criminals who rise on every side revolt my heart and soil my eyes. . . . Civil war would be better than all this mud in which we are drowning." On the 29th of April, 1790, the Centre of the Assembly, by a supreme effort, managed to name Virieu President. He was not able to remain long in

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the chair and resigned. His alarm was now so great that he sent his wife and his three young children to Pupetières; he thought himself obliged to remain in Paris. "When I consider," he wrote to Mounier, "the situation of this unfortunate royal family, always under the dagger, I dare not go away. Notwithstanding the decree which has abolished all titles of nobility, I still feel enough of a gentleman not to abandon the King."

Louis XVI. was already thinking of secretly leaving France; Virieu helped Mesdames the daughters of Louis XV. to make their escape; he saved the princesses who had protected his infancy. He heard immediately afterwards that Mme. de Rohan was dying at Nice; she had for some time left his letters, which now had become very humble, unanswered. In June, 1791, he resigned the colonelcy of his regiment, as he was unwilling to take the new civic oath which had been ordered by the Assembly. Then came the flight to Varennes. Virieu was indignant at the King's confiding his defence to Barnave. It is always so. The Queen had trusted Mirabeau; the King trusted Barnave, who had incessantly conspired against him. "I have to work," wrote Virieu, "for people who are working for their own suicide." Mme. de Rohan was inflexible; she had no pity for the remorse and sufferings of Virieu. She was slowly dying; she did not allow any conversation about her on the affairs of France. When her will was opened, the first page contained these words: "I order that, immediately after my death, the little golden crucifix which I have always worn be taken from my neck and given as soon as possible to Mme. de Virieu." The name of Virieu himself was not pronounced. Virieu wrote to Mme. de Wall, who had remained to the end with Mme. de Rohan: "Ah, if she had seen me amidst the assassins who threaten me every hour, the person whose death you accuse me of having caused, she would have understood that cowardice would have rendered me unworthy of her. I have never been more faithful to the principles which she gave me than when I disobeyed her." The Duc de Rohan died a few weeks after his wife. "With him," says M. Costa de Beauregard, "disappeared one of the last, perhaps the last, of those *grands seigneurs*, as unintelligent of the fearful time which was beginning as they are unintelligible to our new time. The old gentleman died like a perfume which has ceased to be the fashion."

The powers of the Constituent Assembly had come to an end. Virieu had left it without regret and with many misgivings; he had remained in Paris with the faint hope of being of some use to the royal family. Mme. Elisabeth gave him a mission to Coblentz, which he accepted without a murmur, but with great reluctance, as he had always disapproved of the emigration. He made the journey with a mysterious agent, who had taken the false name of Montalbano. This Montalbano was a secret agent of the Austrians, one of those adventurers who find their opportunity in troublous times. Virieu had so little confidence in him that he always kept pistols in his pocket, and thought it necessary, when they slept in the same room on their way to Coblentz, always to keep his sword near him. They crossed the frontier together. Virieu obtained an audience of Monsieur the Comte de Provence and of the Comte d'Artois. Montalbano had also an audience of the Comte d'Artois, and delivered to him a message from the Archduke Francis, the heir of the Austrian crown, who professed to be as devoted to the cause of Marie Antoinette as the Emperor Leopold was himself indifferent.

Virieu lingered a long time in Coblentz; the princes had bid him remain. He was much troubled by the sort of responsibility which he had for Montalbano's mission, and heard not without a patriotic pang that the Austrian agent had in his plan demanded the occupation of Neuf-Brisach, which was then a French fortress, by an Austrian garrison. Virieu saw clearly that the foreign Powers were preparing either to abandon Louis XVI. to the Jacobins or to dismember France. The Emperor of Austria died on the 1st of March, 1792, quite unexpectedly, as he was only forty-five years old. The *émigrés* conceived much hope from the accession of Francis, but they were soon disappointed: the Emperor did not keep the promises of the Archduke. The negotiation which Virieu had begun was abandoned. He remained idle in Coblentz without money. After a while he left for Turin, stopping on the way in Geneva, at his aunt's, the Marquise de Blonay. He had a semi-official mission to the King of Sardinia from (so to call him) the minister of foreign affairs of Monsieur. He found the King very angry with the princes and the *émigrés*. "My people will get spoiled by all these gentlemen," repeated constantly Victor Amadeus. Virieu's mission came to an end when Louis XVI. declared war on Austria in April, 1792. He returned to Paris and found the monarchy in the last spasms of its agony; he was among the few faithful servants who remained around the King on the 10th of August. It is well known how, when the mob attacked the Tuileries, the King took refuge with the Assembly, and how the Swiss Guard was massacred in the palace and in the garden of the Tuileries. Virieu escaped through the garden almost miraculously. He concealed himself in a boat on the Seine, and afterwards in the woods of Meudon.

The memoirs of his daughter, Mlle. de Virieu, are here interrupted; they bring us, without any transition, to Lyons, where "the same will which had sent him [her father] to Coblentz, sent him to find his death." Lyons was in the hands of Chalier, a Piedmontese who had been brought up as a priest; he had become a commercial traveller, then administrator of the police in Lyons; suspended from his functions in April, 1791, for ordering women to be whipped at the doors of the churches, he had been reinstated by the Legislative Assembly on the 15th of August, 1792. Chalier was a sanguinary fanatic, and he would not have spared Virieu, who was obliged to change his name and to conceal himself. The King of Sardinia had been obliged to begin hostilities, as the French had entered Savoy. Mme. de Virieu took refuge at Lausanne, with her children, but, after a while, she rejoined her husband at Lyons. The tyranny of Chalier became so intolerable that the inhabitants of Lyons rose against their ferocious proconsul. Virieu took part in the insurrection; he was, in fact, its principal leader with a workingman named Madinier.

Unfortunately for Virieu, the triumph at Lyons coincided with the downfall of the Girondists in Paris. Such of them as had fled from the capital tried to raise the provinces. Chalier had been guillotined and the Mountain swore to avenge him. Lyons had to prepare for a siege. Virieu organized and drilled the volunteers; eight thousand men were rapidly equipped and armed. An old gentleman, Comte de Précy, took the command. Précy had been a colonel; he had fought among the Swiss on the night of the 10th of August, and had retired near Lyons. Virieu was in favor of offensive action, and wished to take his volunteers out of the city. Précy preferred to take the risk of a siege. The city was besieged in due form by Gen. Kellermann. Virieu had command of the strong positions of the Croix-Rousse between the Saône and the Rhone. Lyons suffered a bombardment, and was invested. Famine turned the population against the defenders. Virieu made a sortie with his men, and was killed. "The day after the battle, the body of an officer had been found along the road. . . . His cross of Saint Louis had half entered his breast with a ball. His face seemed still alive." Public rumor said that it was Henri de Virieu; in the official report of the Commission of the Convention to Robespierre, it was said that among the prisoners was the ci-devant Marquis de Virieu. There were too many prisoners for the guillotine; they were killed together with grape-shot. Fouché, with Collot d'Herbois, had been intrusted with the punishment of Lyons. Fouché became a minister of Louis XVIII. Virieu died by his orders if he did not die in battle. His unfortunate wife could never learn exactly how he succumbed.

Correspondence.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your article of December 1 upon "Politics and Currency" gives fresh reason for surprise and regret at your practice of stating clearly a set of premises and then shrinking from the perfectly obvious conclusion. Except for the fact that we are a very rich nation and can afford to do almost anything, our national finances present about as pitiable a spectacle as can well be imagined.

In the first place, we have half-a-dozen kinds of currency—gold and silver coins and greenbacks full legal tender, gold and silver certificates partial legal tender, and national banknotes rather less a legal tender. Then we have some thousands of tons of silver bullion, increasing at the rate of 125 tons a month, which has depreciated and is depreciating heavily upon our hands, which is of no use except as a basis for circulation, and is increasing at a rate which, if continued, will at no distant day bring us to a suspension of gold payments, in a way which is making us the laughing-stock of the civilized world. And yet there is a cry that we have not currency enough, and that the restriction must be taken off from State banknotes to supply the deficiency!

Turning from currency to debt, we find since the war a mad rush to pay off bonds, and this tendency stimulated by an enormous surplus revenue produced by a high tariff; so that, instead of leaving the money in the pockets of the people, it was taken to pay off bonds drawing from two to three per cent. interest. From this has resulted a panic lest the national-bank circulation should be extinguished for want of the pledged security, and a disposition has appeared to guard against this danger by opening the gates in advance to a flood of State banknotes. The danger appears, however, to have been otherwise obviated by the operations of a lobby of pension agents who, by bringing about an expenditure almost equal to that upon any of the great armies of Europe, have made it extremely probable that in the near future the United States Trea-

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sury will be selling bonds instead of buying them.

The state of the tariff reminds one of the man who was holding a mad dog by the collar and could not let him go, while, to crown all, the high officials of the Treasury seem unable to agree within five or ten millions of dollars as to what the condition of the Treasury really is.

And all this delicate and complex machinery, upon which so much of the welfare of the people depends, is to be placed next year, to say nothing of the present Congress, in the hands of two bodies, taken together, of 400 men, all precisely equal, without discipline or leaders, except so far as they are evolved by party wire-pulling, and among whom there is nothing to distinguish the most accomplished expert from the most inexperienced and self-confident tyro.

The all-important question in the matter of the finances is not as to any particular policy or measures, but upon what system they shall be carried on; how some order is to be brought out of this indistinguishable chaos. The essential conditions are (1) that it shall be a comprehensive system, in which debt, currency, revenue, taxation, and expenditure shall be dealt with in some relation and proportion to each other; (2) that it shall be a continuous system in which the experiments and policy of yesterday shall have some relation to those of to-day, and these to those of to-morrow; (3, and most important of all) that it shall be conducted from the standpoint of the national interest, and not from that of local and private interests. It should never be forgotten that the nation as a whole is not represented in Congress; that every man in either house represents only a district or a State. Is it any wonder that private and local interests have the upper hand, and the national interest receives very little attention?

The only way in which these conditions can be attained is by putting the whole subject in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury, to be brought forward in open Congress. Imagine the interest that would be felt through the country if it were known that when Congress first meets under Mr. Cleveland, that would take place. It matters not that the particular individual would probably prove to be quite incompetent. While no vote of Congress could displace the Cabinet, it is yet true that the President could change at pleasure any or all of the members who, in his judgment, appeared to be incompetent. The mounting ambition of many candidates would probably be hurled from the saddle before the right man appeared. The first five or even ten years would be well and cheaply spent in evolving a man who was equal to the work. But when he did come, we should start on a new career. In the civil war we taught the nations of Europe an unexpected lesson as to the strength of democracy. It is not impossible that time may have it in store for us to teach them another and even stronger one in the conduct of civil government and the management of finance.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

BOSTON, December 3, 1892.

WILLIAM CLARK (NOT CLARKE).

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The spelling of the name of the famous explorer who was with Lewis in 1804-'06, has been in question ever since. In my bibliography of the Lewis and Clark literature, published in 1876, I said the balance of evidence favored Clarke. Had I said the balance of ostensible (published) evidence, the statement would have been more precise. Now I find the balance the other way. The name is unquestionably Clark. I have before me a verbatim copy of family Bible records of genealogies of the Clark family back to 1724—there is not a Clarke in the whole list. I have examined many signatures of autograph letters; they are invariably "Wm. Clark." The *k* is large, like a capital letter, with a flourishing long, lower loop, but nothing that can be turned into an *e*. Many letters I have seen address the explorer as Clark. Copies I have seen of various commissions are issued to him as a Clark. Old St. Louis newspaper notices are all Clark. Mr. F. L. Billon, the veteran annalist of St. Louis, writes me: "Spell it without an *e*." The only surviving son of the explorer signs a letter to me "Jefferson K. Clark." In fine, Ensign Clark, Lieut. Clark, Capt. Clark, Gen. Clark, Indian Agent Clark, and Gov. Clark—the man who was a Clark in every personal, legal, commercial, and official relation in life—passed into history, by some mystery that may never be cleared up, as a Clarke.

The first systematic use of the *e* I know of occurs in Gass, 1807-1813, in the four or five editions of the Sergeant's 'Journal.' Then the princeps edition of the 'Travels,' Philadelphia, 1814, has "Clarke" throughout the text, though "Clark" on the title-page. This is curious, for Nicholas Biddle, the real editor of the book which was put to press by Paul Allen, was an intimate of Clark's, and wrote "Clark" in private letters to him. The appearance of Clarke throughout the authentic narrative of course turned the scale the wrong way. Future editors and commentators should revert to the proper spelling.

Truly yours, ELLIOTT COUES.

No. 1726 N STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C., December 4, 1892.

STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A wise and appreciative critic who wrote in your columns last week regarding the work of Mr. Burne-Jones spoke with great interest of this artist's cartoons for stained glass, in which may be found a rare degree of excellence; and this excellence leads him to compare the glass windows of Mr. Burne-Jones with those of Mr. La Farge, so widely famed for beauty of color, and to hope for a future perfection in the art of stained-glass design which may combine the qualities of both. It would indeed be a fine consummation which should bring together such varied riches in a little room; but it is asking for what cannot be obtained, owing to the nature of the elements involved in the production of glass design. Let me, in a few words, explain this.

The stained-glass windows now made in Europe, among which those of Mr. Burne-Jones hold high rank, are wrought out of large glass plates, each plate being of uniform thickness and uniform tint. On these plates, or panes, of color, all minutiæ of design are *painted;* all shadows, modelling, and delicate lines are done with the brush—the lead-lines being reserved for the outlines and large masses generally. A fine example of this method of treatment may be seen in the window entitled "The Building of the Temple" in Trinity Church, Boston, where the intricate, subtle, and beautifully modulated drawing of Mr. Burne-Jones's cartoon is exactly copied in paint upon glass composed of flat, even tones of color.

It will be seen that by this process one gets the advantage of elaborate drawing, but at the cost of a certain loss in purity of color, for the color of the glass must be somewhat injured by the use of pigment. On the other hand, in the justly so-called American process, the glass which is used is all *opalescent*—that is, of varied and iridescent quality of color. It is made in plates, also, but each plate varies in thickness and in tint, so that by careful selection light and dark tones can be obtained from the glass itself, without the use of paint at all (save in the head and hands). All lines used in this method are *lead-lines*, which cannot be indefinitely multiplied, as when done with a brush; and the special aim is to produce beauty by a highly varied use of color, by purity of tone, and by texture—this last a new and exquisite element obtained in opalescent glass.

It will be found that windows made by the American method are capable of expressing, under the hand of a great artist, new and ineffable manifestations of color; and in a domain of art where light plays so large a part in the essential beauty, it seems to many that subtlety of color rather than subtlety of drawing is the more legitimate goal in the production of stained-glass work. But, however this may be, two noble schools stand side by side to-day, each expressing in its own way some of the dreams and desires of the heart of man.

S. W. W.

No. 77 MT. VERNON STREET, BOSTON.

THE DANTE SONNET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Would it perhaps be interesting to your readers to compare the, I fear, little-known version by the late Dr. T. W. Parsons of Dante's sonnet, "Tanto gentile e tanto oneste pare," with those by Rossetti and Mr. Norton given in the last number of the *Nation* (No. 1430)?

"So gentle seems my lady and so pure
When she greets any one, that scarce the eye
Such modesty and brightness can endure,
And the tongue, trembling, falters in reply.

"She never heeds when people praise her worth—
Some in their speech, and many with a pen—
But meekly moves, as if sent down to earth
To show another miracle to men!

"And such a pleasure from her presence grows
On him who gazeth while she passeth by—
A sense of sweetness that no mortal knows
Who hath not felt it—that the soul's repose
Is woke to worship, and a spirit flows
Forth from her face that seems to whisper,
'Sigh'!"

This may not be as faithful to the original as Mr. Norton's version, but it is evidently the work of a genuine poet.

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

PHILADELPHIA, November 30, 1892.

Notes.

HENRY HOLT & Co. will first give to the public at large 'Poems Antique and Modern,' 'A Book of Day Dreams, or a Century of Sonnets,' by Charles Leonard Moore, and 'The Banquet of Palacios,' a South American comedy in prose by the same author.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press 'Studies of Travel in Greece and Italy,' by the late Edward A. Freeman; 'Carlsbad, a Medico-Practical Guide,' by Dr. Emil Kleen; 'Short Stalks,' hunting trips North, South, East, and West, by Edward N. Buxton, with sixty illustrations; 'Studies by a Recluse in Cloister, Town, and Village,' by Augustus Jessopp, D.D.; 'Voodoo Tales,' "collected from original

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sources," by Mary A. Owen; 'Red Leaves and Roses,' poems by Madison J. Cawein; 'A Country Muse,' verses by Norman R. Gale; and 'The Pocket Encyclopædia.'

Henry George's new work, 'A Perplexed Philosopher,' being an examination of Herbert Spencer's position on the land question, will be published by C. L. Webster & Co., who will also take over Mr. George's other writings for reissue in a uniform edition.

T. Fisher Unwin's announcements include Quevedo's 'Pablo de Segovia,' with more than a hundred drawings by Daniel Vierge; 'Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life,' by George Jacob Holyoake; a new edition of 'Three Generations of Englishwomen,' by Janet Ross; 'The Life of William Cowper,' by Thomas Wright; 'The Fishguard Invasion by the French in 1797'; and 'The Nationalisation of Health,' by Havelock Ellis.

Shakspere in blocks of seven is the scheme of the dainty "Ariel Shakspere" of the Messrs. Putnam. Seven of the Comedies are the first instalment, and as many of the Histories and gain of the Tragedies will follow. Each play makes a volume, and is contained in a box of its own, suitable for a pocket case. The print is open and handsome, and the illustrations are unobtrusive outlines reduced from designs by Frank Howard, issued sixty years ago, and of course uniform in style and consistent one with another. The binding is leather, prettily stamped. Altogether, this is a very acceptable form for the perennial dramas. The same publishers have added two volumes to their Knickerbocker Nuggets series, one being 'Deutsche Volkslieder,' a selection from German folk-songs, edited by Prof. Horatio S. White of Corneli. This is a fresh assortment, printed in German text with ornaments by German designers, with an introductory essay on folk-songs, a bibliography, notes, and an index of first lines. It is sure to be appreciated. The other "Nugget" is 'The Wit and Wisdom of Charles Lamb,' selected and arranged from his works by Ernest D. North, with supplementary anecdotes by his contemporaries. The frontispiece portrait of Lamb at twenty-three adds much to the value of this volume. The same drawing, by Hancock, slightly reduced, has been etched as a vignette for the title-page of 'The Essays of Elia,' a handsome duodecimo issued by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, to which Prof. George E. Woodberry supplies a brief introduction. A companion volume is 'Last Essays of Elia.' The typography and the dark-blue binding of both have a simple elegance. Mr. Hugh Thomson, pursuing his pen-and-ink illustrations of old English classics, gives us 'Days with Sir Roger de Coverley' (Macmillan). This artist had more scope in the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and in 'Cranford,' but his present designs have the cleverness, imagination, and decorative quality of their predecessors. Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cousin Phillis' joins the "Tales from Foreign Lands" of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; and 'Paradise Lost,' compressed into small but clear type, takes its place among the "Laurel-Crowned Verse" of the same publishers, who have given to both series a stamp of good taste without and within. This stamp is conspicuously wanting in 'Heinrich Heine: His Wit, Wisdom, Poetry,' edited by Newell Dunbar, who has incorporated Matthew Arnold's essay on Heine (Boston: J. G. Cupples Co.). Roberts Bros. make an interesting experiment in employing a Frenchman, Émile Bayard, to furnish the illustrations to a new edition of the 'Poems of Helen Jackson.' They are of uneven quality, but have as a whole more distinction than a native artist would have been apt to exhibit, while their "local color" is nil. They are numerous, and besides them are three good portraits: of the poetess herself, of Emerson, and of Charlotte Cushman. 'Christmas Books' is the title given to Dickens's five Christmas stories collected by his son in Macmillan's series of reprints from first editions. The "Christmas Carol" was the first of the line, and its popularity ranks with that of 'Pickwick' and 'David Copperfield.' It was also, says the younger Dickens in his introduction, the first of the novelist's works to be read in public by himself (in 1853), while "The Chimes" was the first to be read aloud to his friends in advance of publication. The other tales are "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Battle of Life," and "The Haunted Man." 'Guy Mannering' is the second volume in the Dryburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels (Macmillan). To what we have already said of this admirable undertaking, we can only add a word of praise for Mr. Gordon Browne, who this time furnishes the illustrations.

Nobody will begrudge the fine attire bestowed upon that powerful tale, 'The Little Minister,' in the "Kirremuir Edition" (New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.). These two noble octavos are printed on untrimmed Holland paper, with broad margins surrounding a 16mo page of type. The title-page and initial letters are rubricated, and there are ten etched illustrations, including a portrait of Mr. Barrie, by G. W. H. Ritchie. These etchings are duplicated throughout, one set being on vellum, unlettered; the other, on plate paper, lettered. The covers have vellum backs and pale-green paper sides, and give the work a very distinguished appearance. Mr. Ritchie's designs are a real embellishment, and are at their best very good indeed. The typography also is excellent. In short, the conception and execution of this sumptuous edition, which is limited to less than 300 copies, entitle it to rank among the best of the holiday publications of the year which have thus far come for judgment before us.

Except that the silhouette of *Lady Teazle's* profile is a little too startling, the cover of the new edition of the "School for Scandal" which Dodd, Mead & Co. have just published is excellent. The printing also, the work of the University Press, is good, although two typographical ornaments on the title-page are out of place. The illustrations by Mr. Frank M. Gregory are less praiseworthy; they are stiff and do not really illustrate the play; they are deficient in decorative quality also. The five so-called "aquarelles" have none of the charm of watercolors clearly and cleanly facsimiled; they are very chromo-like, oily, and heavy. It is perhaps too much to ask that the illustrations of a play shall suggest that it is destined for the stage; but this is what some of the French illustrators of Molière's comedies have succeeded in doing to perfection. They have set before us the persons of the drama in their proper surroundings, and have thus managed to hint at the stage whereon alone these characters are seen to best advantage. Mr. Gregory has not attempted to do this, any more than Mr. Abbey has in his illustrations of Shakspere's comedies.

To Mr. W. J. Loftie's "Art at Home" series Mr. Andrew Lang eleven years ago contributed 'The Library,' which had to do with the arts dear to 'the book-lover.' Now this little book appears in a second edition (New York: Macmillan), with a preface "brought down to date," and with an appendix to the final chapters, by Mr. Austin Dobson, on modern English illustrated books. The body of the book seems to be intact. Mr. Lang's new preface contains references drawn from recent sales; it protests against the modern craze for large-paper copies of new books and for the first editions of books by living authors. Mr. Dobson's postscript deals with the great advance in book-illustration since 1881. It is with some surprise that we find a critic of a taste as refined as Mr. Dobson's bestowing even a word of praise in passing on work as doubtful as Mr. Caton Woodville's illustrations for Mr. Haggard's tales of battle, murder, and sudden death, or as Mr. Herkomer's illustrations for Mr. Hardy's 'Tess.' Mr. Dobson's praise of Mr. Abbey's best work is discreet and cordial, and so is his recognition of the promise of Mr. Hugh Thomson and of Mr. J. Bernard Partridge. Of American illustrators other than Mr. Abbey, Mr. Dobson says nothing; it would have been pleasant to have his opinion of Mr. Frost's "Rudder Grange," and of Mr. Howard Pyle's "One Hoss Shay."

The Chiswick Press in London turns out now and then really well-made books, equal to the standard set by the best printers of France and America. The manager of the Chiswick Press is Mr. Charles T. Jacobi, who put forth last year a little essay, 'On the Making and Issuing of Books,' which he has now revised and amplified, and republished as 'Some Notes on Books and Printing: A Guide for Authors and Others.' It contains suggestions on the preparation of MS. for the press, describing the styles of type, the kinds of paper, the sizes of the various pages, the process of stereotyping, etc. In intention and in plan it is excellent; but the author's style as a writer is slovenly and his proof-reading as a printer is careless. Very useful are Mr. Jacobi's specimen pages of the principal styles of type, set solid, leaded, and with thin leads. Useful also are the dozen samples of paper, machine-made and hand-made.

There is evidently a steady demand for Mr. Frederick Douglass's autobiography, for the 'Life and Times' just put forth by De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston, is, if we mistake not, a fourth edition. In the previous issue Mr. Douglass had shown his respect for Mr. Cleveland, whose official attitude towards himself had been uninfluenced by the fact of his color, and he bears his testimony anew in this volume, having elsewhere expressed his satisfaction with the late election, as containing no menace to the welfare of the Southern blacks.

Three books on cookery call for notice at this season of home feasts. The "Majority Edition" of Marion Harland's 'Common Sense in the Household' (Scribners) marks the twenty-first year of a book which has proved useful and acceptable to many, notwithstanding the overbearing tone of its advice on domestic management. 'Ninety-nine Practical Methods of Utilizing Boiled Beef' (New York: John Ireland), a translation from the French, is a much-inflated book, suggesting that the author agonized to complete the odd number by making the least change in seasoning an excuse for turning over the leaf and writing a new title. We must sometimes economize in the quality of our cooks as well as in food, and most of them would make a sad mess in attempting to follow these rules, which will have their chief use for American readers in showing how far we still are from the admirable economies of the French cuisine. 'Letters to a Young Housekeeper,' by Mrs. Bayard Taylor (Scribners), combines with excellent general directions for marketing and cooking a large number of practical recipes, many of which are for odd dishes tasted and liked by the author in various foreign lands. The whole book is written with a commendable regard for its literary

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dress uncommon in a cook-book. A young housekeeper can use it with a sense of being in good company, and can hardly fail to profit by sound advice so modestly given.

'The American Annual of Photography' for the coming year (Scovill & Adams Co.) contains the usual variety of contributed articles on topics interesting to the craft, and plates illustrative of a variety of processes. Among these are several portraits of Daguerre, but not many remarkable compositions or *genre* studies. We should have been glad of some illustrations of long-distance photography, on which there is a brief paper. Mr. Stillman, in describing the Roman Amateurs' Club, gives some useful hints to amateurs as to objects, places, and times for getting the best views in the Eternal City.

A "Children's Calendar" for 1893 (Boston: Greenough, Adams & Cushing) is the first to reach us of the pad variety. The same firm send us also "Thoughts from Modern Authors," hinged leaflets, with a sentiment for every day in the year, compiled by Alice F. Stevens. Rose Porter makes a tiny book of 'Men's Thoughts for Men,' the novelty consisting in drawing all the thoughts for a whole month from one author. Marcus Aurelius is followed by Mr. Froude, who supplies some excellent aphorisms on the subject of truth, by Thomas Hughes, etc.

The translation of Galdós's 'Marianela,' by Helen W. Lester (Chicago: McClurg), is considerably condensed from the original, perhaps to fit the metes and bounds of the series in which it is published, but is otherwise remarkably faithful and adequate. The story itself has an idyllic strain not characteristic of its author, and in its pastoral unreality is certainly not typical as "A Story of Spanish Love"; but it is not without a fanciful charm which is well preserved in the English version.

Dr. Daremberg of Paris, whose work on cholera we recently reviewed, has published 'Traitement de la Phthisie Pulmonaire' (Paris: J. Rueff & Cie.) that is too distinctly a professional work for particular notice here. He necessarily upholds the modern doctrine of the contagiousness of consumption, whose mode is shown by the tubercle bacillus. He believes the disease to be rarely hereditary, and he has firm faith that it is curable with sufficient frequency to justify its removal from the hopeless catalogue. The treatise is in two small volumes, beautifully printed on good paper, with flexible bindings. The style is luminous and the substance excellent.

A year ago we called attention to Restori's 'History of Provençal Literature,' in Hoepli's well-known series of manuals, as giving in compact form much which the general student of literature could not easily find accessible elsewhere. A somewhat similar service is performed by the 'Crestomazia Provenzale' of Prof. V. Crescini of Padua. The first part, now published (Padua: Fratelli Drucker), contains some 7,000 lines of Provençal text from about fifty authors, or one-quarter as much as Bartsch's 'Chrestomathie Provençale,' from two-fifths as wide a range of authors. The second and smaller part, which is to appear shortly, will consist of a grammar and a glossary. Both together cost only three and a half lire—a price which, taking into consideration the number and variety of the selections, should recommend the work to many who do not care to buy the more expensive Bartsch, or who welcome fresher subject-matter for their class-room work.

Two documents, recently discovered in the Florentine archives and published by Del Lungo in the July Bulletin of the Italian Dante Society, supplement our slender knowledge of Dante's part in Florentine politics. They are dated July 6 and December 14, 1295, and concern respectively a noteworthy episode in the modification of Giano della Bella's severely stringent democratic reforms, and a clumsily arranged bi-monthly election of priors. Both documents antedate all others extant concerning Dante's political life. Moreover, they confirm 1295 as the date at which Dante began to take an active part in political affairs, and afford a basis for several interesting inferences as to the experiences which changed the timid sonneteer of the 'New Life' into the vigorous and versatile scholar and statesman of a few years later.

We shall soon set eyes on the first number of *Toscanelli*, a publication launched last month at Florence by Loescher & Seeber, whose American agents are B. Westermann & Co., New York. Its sub-title is: "Notes and Documents touching the relations between Italy and America." The term "relations" (*rapports*) is to be interpreted in a broad sense, (1) on the ancient side, by paying special attention to documents existing in the Italian archives and libraries that relate to the period of discovery; (2) on the modern, by keeping a current record of the relations of the two countries at the present day in respect of literature and artistic enterprise ("les œuvres d'art en voie d'exécution"). Articles will be welcomed that contain documentary evidence or impartial criticism. To avoid padding, the size of the several issues will vary, and the publication will be irregular. Book-reviewing will be a feature.

—An unscholarly article in *Poet-Lore* for October maintains that Dante's claim to the place as a poet which he now holds in popular esteem will not bear investigation. It is interesting to notice that the author bases most of his deductions upon passages from the "Inferno," and to recall that the "Inferno" is indeed what Dante means to the ordinary reader. Whoever takes real delight in Dante's poetry, however, is very likely to consider the "Inferno" as merely a gateway, beautiful and impressive in itself, to the greater beauties of the "Purgatory" and the "Paradise." That the last two canticles of the great poem are especially dear to the student of philosophical and religious thought, one is reminded by a glance at the citations appended to the text in the late Canon Liddon's interesting essays on Dante and Aquinas, and Dante and the Franciscans, which, though read some years ago before the Oxford Dante Society, are now for the first time published in his 'Essays and Addresses' (Longmans, Green & Co.). Here the mere fact that there are twice as many references to the "Purgatory" as to the "Inferno," and three times as many to the "Paradise" as to the "Purgatory," will indicate the relative proportion in which the three canticles associate themselves with the Franciscans and with the great Dominican thinker. Both of Canon Liddon's essays are undogmatic in form and substance, and will greatly interest and aid those who find not enough help in the ordinary commentary on Dante, and too much in the larger books of reference. The author concludes that Dante "holds St. Thomas, beyond any other religious teacher, as his master," and that Dante "certainly detected in the mind of the greatest teacher of the thirteenth century those elements which command the attentive respect of men when the changes of thought and feeling which come with time have had their full range of influence." But though Dante's deepest sympathies were with St. Dominic, he did ample justice to St. Francis and his followers, both by direct encomium and by his evident admiration of and affection for *il poverel di Dio*. Perhaps more remarkable, however, than Dante's references to the great Franciscans is, according to Canon Liddon, his omitting all mention of the three great English Franciscans who were his own predecessors or contemporaries—Alexander of Hales, "Doctor Irrefragabilis," the master of St. Bonaventure; Roger Bacon, "Doctor Mirabilis;" and Duns Scotus, "Doctor Subtilis." Silence as to the last, however, we cannot think strange, for Scotus had done comparatively little worth mention before 1300, the date which Dante, with such scrupulous accuracy, sets as a limit to his vision of all that seemed to him memorable in the past.

—A recent writer in the London *Notes and Queries* (8th s., ii., p. 358) insists on the name United Statesians as best befitting dwellers in the United States. He avers that he did not coin the word, but that "he has read it in authors of respectability." The name Yankee, he holds, is too narrow, and American too wide—"an extension of the Monroe doctrine to which he is not inclined to yield." The current limitation of the noun American seems, however, to have grown up very naturally. It was perhaps restricted to inhabitants of British American colonies by English writers earlier than by those inhabitants themselves. We find it so used by such writers before the Declaration of Independence. Thus, in 1765 a writer in the British Philosophical Transactions said: "Paying quit-rents to monopolizers of large tracts of land is not well relished by *Americans*." An epigram dating from 1774, addressed to the Ministry, begins:

> "You've sent a rod to Massachusett,
> Thinking the Americans will buss it."

So, in 1775, Dr. Johnson, in 'Taxation No Tyranny,' wrote: "That the Americans are able to bear taxation is indubitable." He also employed the phrase "American Congress" in no doubtful sense. Only on farthest shores washed by the farthest sea has the present writer discovered the adjective American to be still ambiguous. Asking in Colombo for the American Consul, he was directed first to an official from Brazil and then to one from Mexico. The narrowing in the application of the name American to existing usage, which did not begin with Johnson, is in keeping with the analogy of several collateral words, and those mostly made up by the English themselves. Thus, *Americanized* means assimilated to characteristics of the United States. All the citations illustrative of this word in the Philological Society's Dictionary are adduced from English writers. So *Americanism*, *Americanize*, and *Americanization*—the last an issue from the London mint—describe characteristics of the United States, and not of any other sections of the Western continent. *A potiore nomen fit.* The people of the United States, as outnumbering the dwellers in any other American country, would more reasonably bear the name of Americans. But while still few in number, they were already so called, because they had not, like Canadians, Mexicans, etc., a distinctive name based on their geographical position. The truth may be that the inhabitants of the United States were styled Americans with prophetic foresight. When it was first bestowed, their number was not one-tenth as multitudinous as it has now become, nor was their territory one-tenth as vast. Should their expansion in the future be commensurate with that in the past, the American hemisphere will soon be too narrow to

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bound in the local habitation of United Statesians. But when the name of United Kingdomers shall be accepted by the people of the three Britanno-Celtic islands, and when British federationists have devised a descriptive title for their rope of sand, Americans may be ready to exchange their name for that of—Greater Britons.

—Few historic monographs are so instructive, and fewer are so readable, as Mr. George A. Gordon's account of land-grants in the wilderness north of Merrimack River in 1659 and onward. Lowell, second of Massachusetts cities in 1880, was a centre of these grants, and this paper was recently read there before the Old Residents' Historical Association, all of whom doubtless wished they were descendants of the original grantees. The grants were sometimes made to requite heroism in public service, or in return for money advanced in planting the colony, or in place of salaries, or, once, as an Indian reservation. It is remarkable how many names occur that are still notable, as Winthrop, Saltonstall, Higginson, Gardner, Tyng, Russell, etc. The boundaries were so indefinite as to need perambulations at least annually, thus: "Laid out to Mr. Edward Tyng 250 acres in the wilderness on the northern side of Merrimack River, being bounded and butted by a farm laid out to Mr. Russell on the south end; the wilderness elsewhere surrounding according to marked trees. Jona Danforth, Surveyor." The significance of Indian names is given according to latest authorities. Racy anecdotes abound, so that no dish at the dinner can have been more of a dainty than the discourse. One of the grantees was in 1669 a commissioner at Salem to see that no coin was exported, with authority to examine outgoing sailors and passengers, and, if found, to bring the coin to the court for confiscation. His career ought to be studied by our statesmen who are now laboring so hard to keep gold from running out of the country.

—We have received from B. Westermann & Co. a pamphlet containing a lecture by J. Wells of Wadham College, Oxford, on "The Teaching of History in Schools." The subject is an important one both because history is constantly gaining ground in the schools, and because in the past it has often been taught in such a wooden manner as permanently to prejudice the young student against it. In Mr. Wells's view, the prime utility of history is its power to bring new interests into life which will always be an addition to one's intellectual resources. As travel enlarges our experience in space, so history enlarges our experience in time. An indirect lesson of great value to be learned from the study of history is that one can believe strongly in a cause and yet be fair to opponents and see that they too are sincere. Mr. Wells strongly condemns in teaching any "attack on present political parties or classes through their predecessors, real or supposed." "So to teach or so to write is the mark at once of a bad historian and a bad citizen." He is also severe upon allowing children to read so-called comic histories, and warns teachers against over-familiarity of treatment, against encouraging false sentimentality, such, for example, as that in Mrs. Sigourney's 'William the Conqueror at Windsor,' and a too early introduction to historic doubt. He emphasizes the use, as aids, of architecture, pictures and photographs, museums, historical poetry, and national songs. In garrison towns the history of the regiment cannot fail to kindle interest. Historical novels should be made use of with caution; perhaps not more than fifty are of value for this purpose. Mr. Wells would confine the teaching in schools to the history of England, and on this point he seems too dogmatic. The lesson of judicial impartiality is often far more easily inculcated in studying the history of Greece and Rome, while the strong personal element in Greek and Roman history and the narrative power of the ancient historians combine to stir the interest of young students. By a strange oversight, Mr. Wells speaks of Scott being misled by Thierry in writing 'Ivanhoe.' Thierry did not publish his 'Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre' till 1825, while 'Ivanhoe' appeared in 1820.

SYMONDS'S MICHELANGELO.

The Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti: Based on Studies in the Archives of the Buonarroti Family at Florence. By John Addington Symonds. With etched portrait and fifty reproductions of the works of the Master. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. xxxii, 469, and viii, 441.

THE ideal biographer of Michelangelo is perhaps an impossible person to find. He should not only be one deeply versed in the history of the period and in general literature, a careful and impartial investigator, a man of imagination and penetration, and a powerful and interesting writer, but he should also be a specialist in three great arts, having a wide and profound critical knowledge of, and a practical acquaintance with, painting, sculpture, and architecture. Mr. Symonds probably fills many of these requirements better than any other English writer. His knowledge of Renaissance history and literature is vast, and his competence as critic and investigator is undoubted. He has, besides, had access, rarely granted, to the Buonarroti archives, and has thus been able to throw much new light on many points. He has avoided Grimm's fault of wide excursions into general history, and has kept his hero constantly in sight. He has, where possible, used the language of Michelangelo himself and of his contemporaries, thus securing greater vividness of delineation even at some expense of continuity of style. His 'Life' is an admirable and solid work, and one must be a very profound student of the subject or a very reckless writer to question his conclusions on all matters of fact. Michelangelo was, however, first of all an artist; and in the interpretation of a work of art, and of the artist through his art, a little practical and technical knowledge often goes farther than much general information. It is here that Mr. Symonds is weakest, and here that we feel we may venture to disagree with him or supplement him. We shall rather supplement than disagree, for we believe that his conclusions are in the main the right ones, and that a clearer technical knowledge would have insured his arrival at them with less difficulty and confusion.

The three great questions as to Michelangelo are (1) his relation to men and women, and, bearing upon that, his treatment of the sexes in his art; (2) the reason for the paradox that, though essentially a sculptor, his greatest work is in painting; (3) the reasons, whether temperamental or external, why so much of his work remains unfinished. Connected with these are many minor questions, such as that of his failure to found a school, his successive changes of manner, etc., etc.

The first of these questions, which Mr. Symonds discusses with great frankness in his twelfth chapter, can hardly be considered here except in the second branch of it, that of Michelangelo's treatment of sex, and particularly of the female figure, in his art. We know of no point in which the master has been so misunderstood as this, and none which it is so important to clear up. Critics of Michelangelo have constantly dwelt on his insensibility to female grace and beauty. Mr. Symonds is somewhat confused, not to say contradictory, on this point, and oscillates strangely from the extremest view to one very nearly right. He says: "I find it difficult to resist the conclusion that Michelangelo felt himself compelled to treat women as if they were another and less graceful sort of males. The sentiment of woman, what really distinguishes the sex, whether voluptuously or passionately or poetically apprehended, emerges in no eminent instance in his work." And again: "He remained insensible to the grace of purely feminine lines; and the only reason why his transcripts from the female form are not gross like those of the Flemish painters, repulsive like Rembrandt's, fleshly like Rubens's, disagreeable like the drawings made by criminals in prisons, is that they have little womanly about them." Nothing could well be more strongly stated than this, yet, a little later, we find Mr. Symonds admiring, in a long series of works, that profound sentiment of maternity which the world has been accustomed to consider as "what really distinguishes the sex" more than any other, and admitting that "the Eve of 'The Temptation' has even something of positively feminine charm." This admitted charm, however, he immediately explains away, by an explanation that is none, as "dramatic characterization" necessary "in this part of his work."

As important conclusions about this artist's psychology are drawn from the lack of "girlish charm" and "grace" in his female figures, it is well to consider if there is not a very simple reason for it. Michelangelo had a message and a style. His style was gradually evolved as the only language that could carry his thought. It is marked by the absence of landscape, of ornament, of everything but the human figure, and the figure is systematically enlarged and idealized in a special way until his personages are colossal, rugged, titanic—primeval powers rather than human beings. What should "girlish grace" and slim elegance do here? They would be as much out of place on the ceiling of the Sistine as would a background of Perugino's or Fra Angelico's wings or patterned draperies. Yet we are assured by Condivi that Michelangelo was passionately fond of beautiful landscape and all beautiful things. An artist's choice of material for his art has often little to do with his likings in other respects, and the woman he chooses to paint may be very different from the woman he chooses to marry. Michelangelo idealized his female figures in exactly the same way as the male, and for the same reason—to fit them to carry the weight of thought he placed upon them. They are true mates for his men—colossal and grandiose like them—but they are nevertheless intensely feminine. Every curve of the figure of "Dawn" is a masterful and wonderful idealization on Michelangelesque lines of distinctively female forms, no smallest fragment of which could ever be mistaken for part of a male figure; and it is so full of grace that, minus the style, it becomes the type of all the long-legged, sinuous women of seventeenth and eighteenth-century art; while the "Libyan Sibyl" is one of the most graciously, nobly, and winningly feminine presences in all art. The

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"enormous haunches" of the Eve are, like the superb thorax of the Adam, a stylistic exaggeration, and mark the sex more and not less strongly than nature. We are not of the same race as these giants; if we were, it is such giantesses that we should love —giantesses that are not less but more feminine for being framed on the generous scale of those huge things that lived before the flood.

The recognition of a personal artistic style, gradually developed for the expression of profound and romantic thought, will aid us in arriving at some conclusion about other points in Michelangelo's work. If he was the most sculpturesque of painters, so that one recognizes in each of his pictorial compositions the sculptor's manner of seeing and feeling, he was also the most romantic and, in a sense, pictorial of sculptors. If his frescoes are composed on only one plane and without accessories, his sculpture depends, more than that of any other great sculptor, upon light and shade, and, in many of the most remarkable of his works, largely upon lack of completion, for its effect. Take the Lorenzo de' Medici from his niche and place him in a plain side-light, and, together with the brooding shadow of his helmet upon his face, half his mysterious dignity has vanished and he seems almost commonplace and vulgar. Disengage the face of the "Day" from its stony mask and complete it, as it is completed in the common small models of the figure, and its strange horror has evaporated. What is left is the Michelangelo that his science and training had made him, the academic master of anatomy who epitomized the learning of the Renaissance, the decorator who already foreshadows the epoch of Rococo; but the personal element, the strange poetic nature which has had no fellow unless in Rembrandt, is gone. Mr. Symonds says: "His 'Bacchus' alone is sufficient to explode a theory favored by some critics, that, left to work unhindered, he would still have preferred a certain vagueness, a certain want of polish in his marbles." We venture to say that it is nothing of the sort. The "Bacchus" is an immature work, showing none of Michelangelo's great qualities, and no immature work can explode a theory drawn from the mature work of the same artist. Michelangelo was constantly at the beck and call of a succession of pontiffs, and was constantly being made to desert one piece of work for another; and this fact undoubtedly had something to do with the incompletion of his work. He may also, occasionally, have deserted a statue because of veinings in the marble. Neither of these causes, however, seems sufficient to account for the remarkable fact that there is hardly a work of sculpture by him in existence, after the time of the "David," which is finished throughout by his own hand. Some of his statues were finished by inferior men after he had done with them, but most remain, as he left them, more or less unfinished.

There must surely have been some cause, deep down in the temperament of the artist, for this; and this fact Mr. Symonds partly recognizes later in these volumes, but he does not, we think, draw as much for the study of the master's mind from it as is there to be found. It may throw some light on the question to notice that in many figures, otherwise finished to polish, the head and hands are only blocked out, and that in most of the artist's sketches and studies the head is omitted entirely or indicated by a mere scrawl. As an anatomist Michelangelo undoubtedly felt that, structurally, the head is of the least importance of anything in the figure, having the smallest influence in determining the action and movement which he was studying. It was of least importance to him artistically also, for his whole scheme of art was based on the expression of the nude figure. His finished heads are usually rather commonplace abstractions, and might be destroyed without much affecting the expression of the figure; and he may well have felt that when the figure was once done, it mattered little whether the head was completed or not, its pose being settled, and might even leave it, complacently enough, to any journeyman's hand to finish.

More than this, however, it is absurd to suppose that Michelangelo was himself insensible to the strange charm which is so visible to all of us in his unfinished work. He began to work, and to a certain extent always worked, on a system of carefully polished and rounded modelling; but he was constantly striving to infuse into sculpture meanings and thoughts which it was not meant to express and could not hold. His whole life shows him to us as an artist of the modern, *musicianly* type—fitful, moody, impatient, unable to found a school or to work with assistants—at the antipodes of the serene craftsmen who knew how to do a good thing and could teach what they knew. His deep poetic spirit tried to express itself through the medium of the most simple, classic, and formal of the arts. What more natural than that he should have found the sentiment evaporating as the work advanced, and should have, half-despairingly, left in the unfinish of the sketch a suggestion of things which the cold completeness of the finished marble could never convey? It is this struggle of a romantic temperament to express itself through a classic medium that caused the lack of finish in so much of Michelangelo's work, and which accounts also for the paradox that, sculptor as he was and remained, even in painting, it was in that more romantic art, where finish does not exclude mystery, that he found his highest and most complete expression.

There is another matter in which, it seems to us, a fuller knowledge of technical conditions might have modified Mr. Symonds's judgment. He discusses the apparent suddenness of transition from Michelangelo's realistic manner to the "schematic" treatment of the figure in the Sistine Chapel, and imagines that the intermediate stage might be found in the cartoon of "The Battle of Pisa," if it were in existence. Possibly it might, but little is needed to explain the change beyond the conditions of the work itself. The "David" may have been, and probably was, modelled directly from nature, but the host of figures on the vaults of the Sistine could be done at all only in virtue of a system and a convention. Nothing could, in the nature of things, be made from nature save more or less slight sketches and indications. Every painter who has ever undertaken much more humble work of anything like the same sort will understand how Michelangelo was *forced* to rely upon the knowledge gained from his long and intense study, and to invent a Michelangelesque type which thenceforth dominated his work, getting ever farther from the nature from which it started till it ended in the pure conventionality of the "Last Judgment," and manner became mannerism.

Michelangelo is so great that it is hardly necessary to depreciate Raphael in the comparison, as Mr. Symonds seems inclined to do. He calls Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto "the four greatest draughtsmen of this epoch," and then proceeds to bracket Raphael and Andrea together as much inferior to the other two. This seems to us a grave fault in criticism. Raphael was, on his own lines, the equal, if not the superior, of any draughtsman that ever lived; while Andrea is every way his inferior and that of the other two. Neither is Michelangelo "always technically faultless." The left forearm of the finest of his figures, the Adam, is by no means impeccable, and he is not infrequently guilty of really bad drawing.

There are also one or two matters of fact that we shall touch upon by way of suggestions for a future edition. They are of no great importance in themselves, but accuracy is not to be despised even in trifles. The drawing Raphael sent to Dürer is not a pen-drawing but a chalk-drawing. The outlines of Michelangelo's cartoons for the Sistine were not "pricked in with dots to guide the painter." They were traced on the wet plaster with a point which produced an incised line. The large photograph of the Adam shows this indented line plainly, and also that the master, in painting this figure, neglected his outline and entirely redrew the right leg with the brush, making it some inches longer—a very interesting display of his power. We very much doubt if the so-called "study" for the Madonna of St. Lorenzo can be properly so called. It is boldly and rapidly sketched, but every fold of drapery is in the place it occupies in the statue, and even the light is just as it falls upon the group where it is placed in the chapel. We doubt if even Michelangelo ever conceived a work of art so absolutely in its entirety as this. It is likely that the Madonna was far advanced, if not to its present state, when the sketch was made from it. Is it even certain that the drawing is by Michelangelo? A comparison of the reproduction of the drawing and of the plate of the statue, also given in these volumes, is most interesting. We are much puzzled by a sentence on p. 167, vol. i. Speaking of Cellini's statement that "The Battle of Pisa" was superior to the frescoes of the Sistine, Mr. Symonds says: "It seems hardly credible; but if we believe it, the legend of Michelangelo's being unable to color his own designs for the vault of that chapel falls to the ground." Michelangelo certainly did color his own designs for the Sistine Chapel, but we are altogether unable to see how the superiority of an uncolored cartoon over his work in color should prove his ability to do so.

The book is well printed and got up, and provided with all necessary notes, appendices, and other aids, including a good index; and the illustrations are well chosen and well executed. It is only to be regretted that Mr. Poynter's colorless copies of the heads of the Delphic Sibyl and the Prophet Isaiah should have been allowed to take the place of reproductions from the originals.

MORE NOVELS.

The Magic Ink, and Other Tales. By William Black. Harper & Bros.

The Ivory Gate.—Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, and Other Stories. By Walter Besant. Harper & Bros.

The Chatelaine of la Trinité. By Henry B. Fuller. Century Co.

The Story-Teller. Boston: W. B. Clark & Co.

Crow's-Nest and Belhaven Tales. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Century Co.

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In Old St. Stephen. By Jeanie Drake. D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims, and Other Stories. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. D. Appleton & Co.

Zachary Phips. By E. L. Bynner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Characteristics. By S. Weir Mitchell. Century Co.

Etelka's Vow. By Dorothy Gerard. D. Appleton & Co.

The Woodman. By Jules de Glouvet (M. Guernay de Beaurepaire). Translated by Mrs. John Simpson (*née* Senior). Harper & Bros.

THERE is perhaps no profession in which a man works harder for the sake of reputation than that of a novelist; there is certainly none in which, having won the bauble, he seems often to work so hard to lose it. He is a strange, unpractical creature, who toils upward to the sun not that he may thrive and bloom in his light, but apparently for the single purpose of rushing down to his own destruction. It is curious and touching to observe the fidelity of the public, notoriously fickle, to an author who has once won its hearty admiration: he may almost reach the bottomless pit before the news that he has started on the downward track is spread abroad and generally believed. Wisdom, indeed, takes her seat betimes "in streets and openings of the gates," but the passing crowd long displays a discouraging indifference to her choicest utterances.

It is now several years since she began to insinuate that Mr. Black was, as a novelist, neither what he had been nor yet what any novelist worthy of the most honorable crowd's distinguished attention should be; but the hour has not yet struck when people who know the 'Princess of Thule' and the 'Daughter of Heth' are eager to accept a dictated judgment of Mr. Black's work. At least we suppose so; otherwise the publication of 'The Magic Ink' is an instance of disinterested regard for an "old contributor" with which publishers are rarely credited. In this neat volume there are three stories, "The Magic Ink," "A Hallowe'en Wraith," and "Nanciebel." If the author's name were unknown, the most favorable notice consistent with the shadow of truth would be but a useless unkindness to obscurity. His adoring young sister would have to close the book with tears and bid him hope no more. Nothing more incompetent in the way of story-telling is easily conceivable. The tales have neither meaning, probability, nor form. In "The Magic Ink" and "A Hallowe'en Wraith" there is a suggestion of the supernatural which, if worked out with care and skill, might have had some sort of value; but prolonged and attenuated, overladen with sentimental gush and swamped in verbiage, the poor suggestion feels its feeble way to inglorious extinction. In providing the name "Nanciebel" and the scene Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Black may have thought that he excited as much interest as is proper and healthy. For any relevance, the story might as well have been called "Susan" and the scene laid in Tompkinsville. It is dreadful to dwell upon the inanity exhibited in "Nanciebel." Nothing can be more distressing than childish babble from the lips of a man.

The novel 'The Ivory Gate,' and the volume of short stories entitled 'Verbena Camellia Stephanotis,' offer abundant evidence that Mr. Besant is going down among the babblers. His deterioration results from a too highly cultivated benevolence, and a flow of language which does not express thought, whatever it may conceal. The defects of his virtues have taken possession of him; his naturally sympathetic and fluent style has become sentimental and prosy, and he babbles on serenely, dispensing paternal blessings with a wide, optimistic smile. So comfortably, indeed luxuriously benign is his state of mind that he entreats us to turn our backs on the Horn Gate, with its harrowing realities, and to dawdle around the Ivory Gate, revelling in false visions of universal bliss. Any impulse to face facts and the unpleasant aspects of human character necessarily perishes in the presence of perfect amiability; therefore, Mr. Besant has almost abandoned himself to the construction of idols whose feet are not of clay, and to ecstatic dreams of a socialistic paradise arrived at in contempt of reason. So cruel a force as Nature is, of course, a trial to him; so, while placidly ignoring her common ways, he represents her as a sort of juggler, performing tricks which relegate every known variety of magician to everlasting shade. It is easy to say that there exists on earth a human body inhabited alternately by two intelligences, each one unconscious of the thoughts and acts of the other; not so easy to give a convincing, circumstantial account of the phenomenon. Mr. Besant is not in the least convincing. The explanation of the mystery of the 'Ivory Gate' is preposterous, and there is no balm for wounded intelligence in the beautiful spectacle of care and sorrow retiring to their Stygian caves forlorn, and the inauguration of a general love-feast.

In his volume of short stories sentimentality and magic (queer companions!) go far to produce a volume of nonsense. The first story, with the floral title, pushes sentiment to a point where the tears which we are invited to shed turn irresistibly to laughter. The second, "The Doubts of Dives," relieved of its philanthropic motive, might be properly named "The Tale of the Artistic Mendicants," and described as a MS. found in a cellar in Bagdad. The third, "The Demoniac," describes a situation well within the bounds of human experience. Out of its inseparable misery De Maupassant would have made a study which no one could forget. With his smirking and preaching, Mr. Besant has very nearly annihilated the horror he conceived, and, with the horror, the moral lesson. The last story is a continuation of Ibsen's "Doll's House." It sums up the consternation felt by many worthy people lest the somewhat impetuous *Norah's* desertion of her husband should be widely held justifiable, and establish a righteous precedent. To this is added the author's profound personal alarm. If wives and mothers once begin to take an interest in themselves, as creatures possessing mind and spirit, who can measure the imminent calamity for society? What is to become of Mr. Besant's social pleasure-house if the heresy of individualism is to insinuate itself into the foundation? Without presuming to belittle the possibility of the gloomy Norseman's vicious effect on British morals, there doesn't seem any reason for being scared out of one's wits about it. But in "The Doll's House—and After" Mr. Besant has seized time by the forelock and invested himself with the robes of the son of Hilkiah when he went down to cry in the ears of Jerusalem.

When the old faiths begin to fail, one is rarely so jaded as to be unable to turn with expectation to the new. In spite of incoherencies and affectations, Mr. Fuller's 'Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani' had much attraction and promise. The attraction lay in the independent and satirical observation and the clever portrayal of eccentric people; the hope was that the author might grow in taste and cast off his objectionable mannerisms. 'The Chatelaine of la Trinité' is not wholly disappointing. By close attention a train of events may be perceived, and some deference is paid to the ancient and honorable claims of verbs and pronouns. The jealousies and squabbles of archæologists are described with humor and without depressing erudition. The adventures of Miss Aurelia West with the travelling opera company, and the search, in Salzburg, for original MSS. of Mozart's, are uncommonly funny; while the worn, long-suffering Swiss mountains are made to take on an air of virginal beauty. Very happy and admirably carried out is the idea which confers on Aurelia the distinction of novelty in that much used and abused character, the American girl in Europe. The imagination and physical energy which she throws into her reconstruction of the simple Chatelaine are thoroughly national and feminine, and no woman except an American could so magnificently ignore masculine resentment of petticoat government. Yet the three lovers dragged by Aurelia to the Chatelaine's feet did, when tyranny became intolerable, manage to run away. The coolness, not to mention ingenuity, displayed in their escape might be offered to Mr. Besant, gloomily pondering over the old story of Eve and the apple, as evidence that self-reliance still survives among men, and that they may be trusted to hold their own against "emancipated woman."

'The Story Teller' is a collection of twenty-six tales, all of which have been previously printed in *Two Tales*, a weekly magazine. The authors are American, and most of them are familiar to magazine-readers. Eight years ago the Scribners published a series of short stories, and comparison between the two publications is not flattering to the younger set. Generally speaking, the subjects chosen are weaker, the method is no better, and there is a noticeable deterioration in style. The passion of love holds its own, and the exhibition of mortal folly in a proverbially foolish condition is in one or two cases especially eccentric. Miss Wilkins is an authority on New England character, and perhaps in that kingdom of eccentrics the blind god suits himself to his company. We accept "Juliza" under the influence of love as a person possible to New England, but with the reservation that, if there are many like her, the comic or burlesque element in the Puritan States has been sadly neglected. Imagination, when present in these tales, mostly expends itself on the supernatural, the occult, and the fairy-tales of science. The danger of a little knowledge is appallingly exemplified. No pains are taken to produce an illusion, and it is always very clear that the author doesn't know enough about occultism, or hypnotism, or psychic phenomena to impose on the most liberal credulity. Mr. Hawthorne's "Interplanetary Episode" and Mr. Heard's "Experiment with Time" are excepted from this sweeping indictment. The stories presumably taken from life are strong in local color. The mania for actuality in description of locality and reproduction of local phrase may account for the regretted incompetence to represent things that are beyond common human vision. It has much to do with the reduction of our authors to the inartistic level of the actor who has only one rôle, and it is positively fatal to the acquisition of a good style, which adds so much to the worth of him who has something to say and is the salvation of him who has nothing. The literary impression derived from these stories, none of which

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absolutely fails to excite a mild interest, is that the authors have not tried to write correctly and fluently, and that elegance is an obsolete ambition.

As a mitigation of the depressing suspicion that we are all hopelessly lost in sloughs of dialect and slang, Mrs. Harrison's volume, 'Crows-Nest,' comes opportunely. The moss-grown Virginian town, better known as Alexandria, has, in tranquil old age, found a graceful chronicler of its stirring youth. Charming is a word that nowadays signifies little; yet charming, and delightful too, are the right words to describe both subjects and workmanship. Figures gentle and courteous, yet with plenty of spirit and fire on occasion, pass before us, each spinning his life thread of mingled joy and sorrow. They pass but do not vanish, for some things that are written remain, and these tales are sealed with the seal of permanency.

The author of 'In Old St. Stephen' makes a conscientious effort to sustain a style consistent with the dignity of a gentleman who was young when fine ruffles and fine manners were the fashion. The effort is sometimes too conspicuous, but is nevertheless praiseworthy. Miss Drake has a tendency to meander aimlessly, as if she were not sure of her point, but hoped to find it. In the course of her wanderings she makes some pretty sketches of old times in Virginia, and manages to give her characters individuality. Tragedy is the natural outcome of the complication; still, the case is one where the death of the villain would have been quite as natural as that of the hero, and more cheerful.

Mr. Johnston, the chronicler of Middle Georgian manners and customs, is apparently inexhaustible. His latest volume, 'Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims,' closely resembles many of its predecessors. The primitive love-making still goes on, and the sectarian hostilities rage. It is needless to comment on the dialect, which remains the basest corruption of English ever seen in print. One story, or rather incident, entitled "An Adventure of Mr. Joel Pozzle," has nothing to do with either love or religion, and the situation is so comical and so well hit off that, for once, the Georgian jargon may be forgiven.

Still another tale of the good old times is 'Zachary Phips.' We hope those times were really good enough to condone the badness of a boy who ran away to sea at he tender age of eight, and to permit him, when barely of age, to become an acceptable attaché of the American Legation in London. Certainly Zachary did far better than if he had been good and stayed at home and pursued humdrum knowledge under the shadow of Master Tilleston's cane. Whatever of national importance was going on from Boston to Florida, he managed to be in it. A most innocent accomplice of treason, he made one of the picturesque Washita expedition planned in the angry heart of Aaron Burr. Barely old enough to blow a whistle, he shared the *Constitution's* naval fame. Again, in the hand-to-hand tussle between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, he was literally right on deck. As a climax of adventure, to him was it given to witness those atrocities in Florida which make Andrew Jackson appear more of an assassin than a soldier. Zachary's career makes a capital book for youthful readers, and is not without serious interest. The author's historical vision, while patriotic, is unprejudiced, and he gives history a dramatic value without distortion of facts. Some touches of characterization are very vivid—for instance, in the passing glimpses of Mrs. Blennerhasset and of Burr. Burr's last appearance in New York, poor and persistently dishonest, apparently unmoved by private neglect and public scorn, yet sorrow-stricken by the death of his grandchild, makes one feel, not how ignoble he was, but how noble he might have been.

Dr. Mitchell's 'Characteristics' is a dangerous experiment for an author who is sensitive, as all authors are, to the imputation of dulness. A book of conversations, connected only by the personality of the talkers, must be superlatively brilliant to escape being, on the whole, rather tiresome. To sustain interest in character illustrated almost entirely through talk, the mental qualities of the persons represented have to be uncommon and perhaps sharply contrasted. Dr. Mitchell has selected four men too much on a level of education, worldly condition, and personal refinement, to permit of very exciting exchange of thought on subjects of supposed general interest. The talk has scope, embracing science, literature, and social topics, and it is sane and even in tone. Perhaps because a man is usually at his best when speaking out of the fulness of knowledge, the doctor who is the narrator is vastly the most entertaining of the group. His short stories of queer cases are particularly welcome interludes. The man of letters, on the other hand, is by all odds the weakest. His manners are modified Johnsonian; if he had only had the great doctor's tongue, the discussions would have gained much in liveliness and point.

'Etelka's Vow' is not by an American author, but its plot turns on an American custom which our writers have overlooked or perhaps deliberately blinked. "An American duel," it is gravely stated, "consists simply of the drawing of lots as to which of the two men shall within a given time and on his word of honor shoot himself." If the duel, as practised in America, has any national peculiarity, we have always supposed that it "consists simply" in the promptness as to which of the two men shall "get the drop" on the other. But no doubt the worshipful company assembled in the *Erzherzog Leopold* knew whereof they spoke, and the author is justified by her authority. Granting the American duel, the complications ensuing are not improbable, and are ingeniously arranged in English not inferior to the short quotation given.

The English-speaking public has not yet been captured by the fiction of the most modern French school. When the popularity of the Scandinavians is waning, then we may look for the rise of the French Idealists. It appears that a Frenchman cannot write or paint without announcing that he belongs to a school and definitely labelling himself. So these gentlemen who deny the supremacy of the *bête humaine*, who steer the middle way between Romanticism and Naturalism, call themselves Idealists. The truth is, that they try to give good and evil each its proper value, that they recognize spirit as distinct from mind, and that they represent human emotion and passion without degrading them. If the reaction against Zola & Co. should even hold its own for a few years, it will do much to relieve the fair fame of France from the shame of a grossly immoral popular literature. 'The Woodman' (*Le Forestier*) is an excellent example of the school. It is a pity that, in the preface, the translator has anticipated the critic's praise. Her sketch of the author positively burns with high appreciation of him, both as M. de Beaurepaire, Procureur-Général of France, and as Jules de Glouvet, Idealist of the Chemins Verts. The only point that has been left for the critic's independent enthusiasm is the beauty and freshness of the descriptions of the forest. That the people who for generations had dwelt on its outskirts loved it with a pagan idolatry can well be believed. Jules de Glouvet makes you feel as if you could go forth at any moment and do battle to the death for every tree. The translator dwells on the love of Renaud, the poacher, and Henriette. The author really makes little of that. What he makes much of, and what every one may reflect on with unstinted admiration, is the steadfast soul of the boy to worst conditions born, and the poetic spirit which, careless of its poor mortal habitation, identified itself with the sweetness of the wild wood's breath and the rapture of the birds' song.

Studies in Modern Music. By W. H. Hadow. Macmillan & Co. 1892. Pp. 335.

It is generally assumed by musical historians that the chill of Puritanism nipped the promising bud of music in England. It is likely, however, that the growth of commercialism and the extraordinary devotion of Englishmen to politics had as much to do in diverting attention from the divine art as the Puritan iconoclasm or raid on organs and other instruments. How much the musical spirit was weakened by all these causes was shown by the amazing length of time during which Handel and Mendelssohn were the sole composers idolized in the British Isles, and by the strict quarantine which the critics maintained against all new-comers. Even as a pianist Liszt was an utter failure in England in 1841, and his manager would have been impoverished had not Liszt, with his usual generosity, repaid him his share of the receipts. Fourteen years later Richard Wagner, the greatest conductor the world has ever seen, was shamefully abused when he condescended to conduct the Philharmonic concerts for a season; he was reviled as a humbug, and the directors joined with the critics in finding fault with everything he did, because it was different from Mendelssohn's way. As Wagner complained in a letter to Liszt: "'Sir, we are not used to this'; that is the echo I hear eternally"

That something of this spirit still lingers in England is shown in a recent volume by H. H. Statham, in which such gems occur as these, that Wagner was "the most remarkable charlatan who has ever appeared in art"; and, regarding his operatic poems, "It would be cruel to judge such trash by any known literary standard." But the vast majority of English writers have got beyond this silly stage. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the large number of enlightened, vigorous, and fluent writers on musical topics that modern England possesses. Grove's admirable 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians' is evidence in point. The new spirit of enlightenment which the late Dr. Hueffer did so much to foster, is evident in that monumental work. It is conspicuous also in other recent publications, among which is the volume of 'Studies in Modern Music' by Mr. Hadow, devoted to Berlioz, Schumann, and Wagner, with a preliminary essay on "Music and Musical Criticism." By the use of epistolary matter and other recent documents, the writer has succeeded in freshening up the familiar stories of these composers' lives, and his judgments seem to us almost always sound. The volume possesses a literary as well as a musical interest, the author being a man whose mind is stored

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with other lore than music, and who is thus able in writing, for example, of Schumann's romanticism, to bring in side-lights from the literary movement in Germany.

Mr. Hadow has the courage to urge that there is no excuse for the "classical example" of the plagiarisms indulged in by Handel (p. 30); nor does he hesitate to bring forward facts (p. 94) which show up Mendelssohn in his narrow sympathies, as a man who had no appreciation for his contemporaries, Chopin, Wagner, Schumann, Liszt; who said of Berlioz, that "he is a perfect caricature without one spark of talent," and who even abused one of Schubert's quartets—the finest quartet ever written—as "poor music." But Mr. Hadow commits quite as great a *bêtise* in the sentence, "Few compositions are perfect unless they have been signed by Beethoven or Brahms." In our opinion there is infinitely more beauty of form in the songs of Schubert or Franz, the short pieces of Chopin and Schumann, the music-dramas of Wagner, the preludes and fugues of Bach, than in the artificial four-story symphonies of Beethoven and the reactionary Brahms, whose present popularity in London, by the way, cannot but be regarded in the light of a fad. But Mr. Hadow atones for this remnant of the old prejudices by the way in which he insists on the modernity of Bach: "He was the most daring harmonist of his century, and it may be said without exaggeration that, among his countrymen at any rate, there is hardly a single 'modern' progression or modulation which cannot be found in his writings." That modern lyric Bach, the immortal song-writer who has just died, Robert Franz, is, however, not mentioned by Mr. Hadow. He has apparently not yet been discovered by the English public; and inasmuch as it is only fifty years since Schumann reviewed his first songs so enthusiastically, more can hardly be expected.

In the chapter on Wagner there are a few minor errors. It is not the third act of "Lohengrin" that forms the transition to the Nibelung style, but the much more advanced second act, which was also composed last. The implication (p. 285) that it was the Emperor of Brazil who gave up the "Tristan" project is erroneous. The statement (p. 292) that the $225,000 needed for the Bayreuth festival of 1876 was collected by Wagner societies and concerts is misleading. Less than half the sum needed was subscribed by the societies; King Ludwig contributed $50,000, and the balance was—a deficit, which Wagner himself paid after the festival. The assertion (p. 294) that there was a profit of $3,500 from the Albert Hall concerts in 1876 does not tally with Dr. Hueffer's revelations in his 'Half a Century of Music in England.' But apart from a few such minor errors, Mr. Hadow's volume is reliable, and may be cordially commended to all lovers of good musical literature. Its value is enhanced by portraits of the composers discussed and of the young women who became the wives of Schumann and Berlioz.

A Companion to the Iliad for English Readers. By Walter Leaf, Litt.D. Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Fragments of the Greek Comic Poets. With Renderings in English Verse. By F. A. Paley, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 1892.

AN ingenious divine, who illuminates one of our theological schools, has lately gleaned from Homer and the 'Iliad' an argument against the theory of evolution. The 'Iliad,' he says, is the greatest of poems, and Homer one of the earliest poets. He had, like Melchizedek, no forerunners nor inheritors; he is, indeed, a *lusus naturæ*, or, rather, a special creation. He proves, therefore, how needless it is to assume that slow growth and development are necessary either in the world of mind or of matter. Mr. Andrew Lang, without using the 'Iliad' as a theological weapon, seems, in a recent article, to agree with our divine as to the isolated and marvellous character of Homer. Mr. Lang will have only one poet, and no brothers near his throne; Mr. Leaf, on the other hand, believes in a great poet surrounded by brethren, and unfolds this not unreasonable view, together with other historical and literary questions, in his 'Companion to the Iliad.' The 'Companion' presents the novelty of a commentary, not on the Greek text, but on the well-known translation of the 'Iliad' by Messrs. Leaf, Lang, and Butcher. It is, of course, intended for the general reader who has no acquaintance with Greek. The position of Greek literature is indeed so fundamental in the history of the human mind that people who like to look into the origins of things can hardly dispense with some knowledge of it. To such inquirers the poetry of an original may be barred, while its historic value may be almost perfectly conveyed in a faithful translation. Hence Mr. Leaf's experiment. His commentary on the *Realien* of the 'Iliad' is entirely intelligible to the reader of a translation; and equally so is his discussion of the Homeric question in the elaborate introduction and occasional notes scattered throughout the volume. In fact, his treatment of the question shows how largely it turns on facts and discrepancies that lie within the judgment of any man of sense and culture. The abstruser points of language and dialect or vocabulary are by no means so decisive as certain broad indications that lie open to the general reader.

The bulk of Mr. Leaf's notes is the same as those offered in his larger edition of the 'Iliad,' and exhibits the same features and theories. He starts with Grote's assumption—which is indisputable—that the 'Iliad' has not the unity and continuity of the 'Odyssey'; it is not, like the 'Odyssey,' a literary whole. If we seek for such a whole in the 'Iliad,' we shall find it in a poem on the "Wrath of Achilles," contained in Books i, xi, xvi, and xxii, and embracing the quarrel of Agamemnon with Achilles, the rout of the Greeks, the exploits and death of Patroclus, and the slaying of Hector. Such a poem contains obviously the conception of one mind, flawlessly executed; it is, unlike the 'Iliad,' a unity and a creation. Its interest, moreover, is almost purely human; its machinery is not set in motion from Olympus nor from fairyland, like parts of the 'Odyssey' and of the rest of the 'Iliad.' Around this nucleus were gathered several short poems (such as the "Exploits of Diomed") whose purpose was to glorify the heroes of the great Achaian families. To these, as ornamental pendants, grew such lays as "The Embassy to Achilles," "The Making of the Arms of Achilles," "The Ransoming of the Body of Hector." The composers of the second series, while diminishing the artistic effect of the original poem, still bore in mind its scenery and atmosphere; the composers of the third series—of the Embassy and the "Fight at the Wall"—took liberties with some vital features of the original poem. The details of these divergencies and inconsistencies, of inferiority in conception or style, are pointed out in the notes to the respective books. There is really no denying that the quality of the 'Iliad' varies, that some of the battles are tedious reading, and that, here and there, avenues are opened which lead nowhere. Shelley admits this difference of quality when he praises so highly the 24th book. Whether several hands had the making of the poem, whether several makers could possess Mr. Matthew Arnold's "grand style"—these are questions which Mr. Leaf discusses with good sense, clearness, and plausibility.

Some of the most interesting notes in the volume deal with the discoveries at Mycenæ and the manner in which they illustrate the 'Iliad.' Mr. Leaf finds in them a confirmation of the Achaian origin of the poem. He accepts Mr. Petrie's date of 1150 B.C. for the contents of the shaft-tombs, and he conjectures 1050 B.C. as a probable date for the composition of the poems. Mr. Petrie's dates are still, with good reason, *sub lite;* but there is no reason to doubt that, after sifting and comparison, the relics of Mycenæ will eventually furnish positive dates as landmarks for the Achaian period. These relics offer a perplexing mixture of work which is very crude and work which is artistic and beautiful. They do undoubtedly illuminate certain passages of the 'Iliad'; yet, again, they offer problems which Mr. Leaf passes over rather lightly. The silver fragment, for example, which was recently cleaned and which figures as a frontispiece of the volume, represents a besieged city in a manner that, while reminding us remotely of Assyrian work, is unquestionably and delightfully Greek in the freedom and variety of the poses. Yet the entire nakedness of most of the warriors is a surprise and a perplexity to readers of the 'Iliad.' Again, while an expert like M. Perrot dates the Vapheio cups far back in the pre-Homeric heyday of Achaian civilization, an authority like Dr. Murray prefers to place them as late as the seventh century B.C.

Dr. F. A. Paley's little book is well enough conceived, but not so happily executed. It is a neat volume, intended, the author says, "alike for the schoolroom and the drawing-room"; and no one who can read the Greek will quarrel with the selections, which have in general wit, point, and grace. But the schoolboy will be perplexed by Mr. Paley's paraphrases; and the drawing-room reader will imagine sometimes that the Greek is obscure or has no Attic salt. The chief reason of this is that Mr. Paley's rhymes are butterflies which lead him too far afield. In pursuing them he does not hesitate to make up whole lines or phrases, or to leave out essential words; and this gives a blurred and awkward effect to an original that is full of grace and lucidity. The drawing-room reader must not, therefore, blame Eupolis or Menander for darkness of expression, but must have faith that, with the aid of the Greek as a commentary, Mr. Paley's riddles would be fully elucidated. And yet Mr. Paley is often almost felicitous, as in the following lines, which illustrate his virtues as a translator as well as his weakness under the beguiling influence of rhyme:

> "One course in life there is that's hard to roam,
> Back from a husband's to a father's home;
> And every decent wife should fear to tread it;
> The 'homing heat' wins nothing but discredit."

The Armies of To-day. Harper & Bros. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 438.

HARPER & BROS. have republished in handsome book-form the series of papers on "The Armies of To-day" which recently appeared in their *Monthly*. The papers vary a good

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deal in scope and method, but this, perhaps, lends an agreeable variety to the book as a whole. The armies of America, England, Germany, France, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Mexico are separately discussed, with excellent full-page illustrations of uniform and accoutrement in the several arms of each service. The authors, with one exception, are officers of rank in the several armies described, and therefore speak authoritatively. The chapters on the armies of the United States, Germany, Austria, and Italy are business-like analyses of the organization of the troops and of the legal methods by which they are raised and recruited. In an appendix Lieut.-Col. Exner of the German Army adds a clear and very intelligent résumé of the military situation in Europe, which includes a comparison of the forces of the nations with respect to their preparation for war.

The paper of Gen. Viscount Wolseley on the British Army is less formal and more lively than most of the others. He gives an historical sketch of that army's progress and its growth in the qualities which have made the British soldier famous, but does not omit to criticise the happy-go-lucky methods of the Government in all matters of organization and support, in spite of which the army achieved its glory. He deals freely also with the questions of reforms now needed, and the possibility of making the system of voluntary recruiting a satisfactory mode of filling the ranks.

Gen. Lawal enlivens his sketch of the French Army with descriptions of the annual manœuvres, in which he puts us among the spectators and amuses us with the comments of the bourgeoisie and of the peasant on-lookers, as well as with personal traits and little adventures of the soldiers. Through the whole paper the dominant idea is that the German's day of reckoning is coming, and that France is as resolved to reëstablish her former Rhine frontier as she was in the gloomy days which first followed the loss of Alsace. The spirit of the whole paper and its scarcely restrained tone in this respect are perhaps the most significant thing in the book.

The paper on the Russian Army is the most reticent in its discussion of the future and most cautious in its disclosures. It strives more to present an intelligent idea of the Russian soldier than to give us encyclopædic information as to the military system. The Russian Army is necessarily an assemblage of different peoples and tribes, and the most characteristic thing in its organization is the skill with which the qualities of each are turned to account.

The book is so ornamental and so useful that it will prove a very acceptable source of instruction as well as an amusing companion for a leisure hour. The larger cuts are on separate leaves with no printing on the back, and are excellently done. The paper is heavy, the type large and clear, and the presswork of the first order.

Recent Rambles; or, In Touch with Nature. By C. C. Abbott, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1892. 8vo, 330 pp. Illustrated.

In this volume, compared with his earlier books, Dr. Abbott has given us less of incident and observation and more of introspection. His rambles, while, as before, mainly on the banks of the Delaware or the lowlands of New Jersey, among familiar yet ever interesting by-ways, in this instance have led him also into the western arid region, where it is evident he felt himself a stranger. The numerous brief chapters of which his record is made up are of unequal quality, some seeming really and others but artificially "in touch with nature." One of the best, perhaps, is a "Defense of Idleness"; another which we have found enjoyable celebrates "Persimmons." Here and there are bits which have much of the charm and freshness of this writer's 'Wasteland Wanderings,' yet there are others, and notably the introductory chapter (which we must regard as our author's low-water mark), in which he comes dangerously near forgetting that the treatment of an individual's attitude toward Nature may be as monotonous as Nature herself is infinitely variable.

This volume is presented by the publishers in most attractive style; even the haziness of the "process"-illustrations from photographs is less irritating than usual, and one, a vignette of a tree-frog, has even a self-assertion which is charming.

Paraguay: The Land and the People, Natural Wealth and Commercial Capabilities. By E. De Bourgade La Dardye. English edition edited by E. G. Ravenstein. London: George Philip & Son; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

The translation of this book was worth the making as well on account of its own excellence as of the dearth of competing volumes. It is not an interesting book, except as facts are interesting, and of these it is stuffed full. The personal element nowhere comes to the surface. There are no records of travel or adventure, almost no characterizations of landscape or people; but there is an excellent physical geography of Paraguay, with some important corrections made in the work of predecessors, a fairly full account of the flora and fauna and mineralogical wealth of the country, a condensed description of the Government, the laws relating to property, and the movement of population, and some full and valuable chapters on the agricultural and commercial resources and possibilities of Paraguay. M. de Bourgade's principal contribution to geographical knowledge is a rectification of the Brazilian frontier, and the demonstration, if we may trust him, that the Pilcomayo, owing to its interminable shallows and rapids, can never become, as has long been hoped, a great artery of communication with Bolivia. His English editor might well have cut out his prophecies in regard to Argentine finance, which time has left hanging ludicrously. Three statistical appendices have been added, and an excellent pocket-map is offered at the end as if in lieu of an index. A baker's dozen of plates are brought over from the French edition, but are too pallid to add much to the value of the book.

Fort Pitt and Letters from the Frontier. Pittsburg. 1892.

This is apparently a selection from the copies of manuscripts which were collected by or through the interposition of the late W. M. Darlington of Pittsburg, and now issued in print by his family. It seems that the public library of that place possesses a copy, procured for it by M. Margry, of the journal of Céloron, the French officer who, in 1749, followed down the Ohio, planting his inscribed plates in token of taking possession of the valley for France. From this copy the journal is here printed at length, but not for the first time, as the editor mistakenly supposes. It was printed in this way in 1885-86 in the "Catholic Historical Researches." Various letters of Gens. Grant and Forbes, as well as some of Col. Bouquet, relating to the campaign of 1758, and journals, letters, and orderly-books of Capt. Écuyer, the Commander at Fort Pitt in 1763, are also printed from copies made for Mr. Darlington from the Bouquet papers in the British Museum, where they form a part of the Haldimand Collection. It is a satisfaction to have these papers printed at full length, for the manuscript copies from the Bouquet papers made for Mr. Parkman and now in the Cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society are not easily accessible to distant students, and the Calendar of them published by the Archives Department at Ottawa raises an appetite without satisfying it. There is another series of letters from the Western posts, 1776-99, which has been gathered from different sources, apparently. They cover papers by Gens. Edward Hand, William Irvine, James O'Hara, Knox, Wayne, with a few from Alexander Hamilton and James Wilkinson. A sketch of Gen. O'Hara and a paper by Mr. Darlington on the erection of the region into Alleghany County in 1785-86, complete the table of contents.

The book is a good contribution to our knowledge of a certain phase of Western history.

The Place of the Story in Early Education, and Other Essays. By Sara E. Wiltse. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1892.

Unlike so large a proportion of the current haphazard productions for children, this volume of essays about children, their natures and needs, must command the respect of the older reader who looks through its pages. Homely sincerity and adaptability to the plain wants of a child as explained by modern methods of observation are its characteristic individual merits. Its faults are partly due to the circumstances of its production, and are partly those of its class. It suffers from the inevitable scrappiness and lack of anything like evolution of thought that are consequent upon the collection into a book of detached magazine articles and lectures delivered to a popular audience. Any one who expects to find here the progressive development, stage by stage, of educational methods, that may reasonably be looked for in the bound volume, will have to put up with disappointment. But the desire for more definite teaching that she succeeds in awakening is a proof of the clearness of the author's own convictions, while the hints and suggestions she gives not only are valuable in themselves, but will show the reader the way to more systematic authorities. Some, at least, of these oft-quoted authorities have been fathers. Why, then, do the writers who seek to popularize and distribute their ideas address themselves so exclusively to mothers? The complications likely to arise if one parent walks in the light of Preyer and Perez and *Babyhood*, while the other is still groping in ante-Fröbelian darkness, are worth forestalling, one would think. Perhaps if both parents were impartially addressed, the more or less sentimental appeals to the emotions which are a distasteful ingredient in writings of this class, not excepting the present one, might be altogether left out.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Conquering Heroine. Tait, Sons & Co. 25 cents.
Adams, W. I. L. American Annual of Photography. Scovill & Adams Co. $1.
Allen, S. P. Down in Dixie. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

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Atkinson, Canon. Scenes in Fairyland. Macmillan. $1.25.
Barrie, J. M. The Little Minister. 2 vols. Lovell, Coryell & Co. $12.
Bass, M. Florence. Nature Stories for Young Readers. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 30 cents.
Blavatsky, Helena P. From the Caves and Jungles of Hindostan. The Path. $2.50.
Bouvet, Marguerite. Prince Tip-Top. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Brémont, Anna, Comtesse de. The World of Music. 3 vols. Brentanos. $3.75.
Burr, Rev. E. F. Aleph the Chaldean; or, The Messiah as seen from Alexandria. W. B. Ketcham. $1.75.
Burt, B C. A History of Modern Philosophy. 2 vols. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $4.
Campbell, H. J. Text-Book of Elementary Biology. London: Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.60.
Church, Rev. A. J. The Story of the Iliad. Macmillan. 50 cents.
Copleston, Rev. R. S. Buddhism Primitive and Present in Magadha and in Ceylon. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
Corbin, Caroline F. A Woman's Philosophy of Love. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Days with Sir Roger de Coverley. Macmillan. $1.50.
Dickens, Charles. Christmas Books. Macmillan. $1.
Dick's Festival Reciter. Dick & Fitzgerald. 30 cents.
Dodd, Anna B. In and Out of Three Normandy Inns. Lovell, Coryell & Co. $7.50.
Donaldson, A. L. A Millbrook Romance, and Other Tales. Thomas Whittaker. 75 cents.
Ellwanger, G. H. In Gold and Silver. Appletons.
Figure-Skating, Simple and Combined. Macmillan. $2.25.
Florio, John. The Essays of Montaigne. The First Book. London: David Nutt.
French-Sheldon, Mrs. Sultan to Sultan: Adventures among the Masai and Other Tribes of East Africa. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co. $5.
Galton, Francis. Finger Prints. Macmillan. $2.
Gaskell, Mrs. Cousin Phillis. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Harland, Marion. The Story of Mary Washington. $1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.
Jukes-Brown, A. J. The Student's Handbook of Physical Geology. 2d ed., revised. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.
Kelsey, Prof. F. W. Select Orations and Letters of Cicero. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.25.
Kinnear, B. O. Impending Judgments on the Earth. New York: The Author.
Lamb, Charles. Essays of Elia, and Last Essays of Elia. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Lanciani, Rodolfo. Pagan and Christian Rome. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6.
Latimer, Elisabeth W. France in the Nineteenth Century, 1830–1890. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50.
Monroe, Miss Harriet. Valeria, and Other Poems. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Moore, C. L. A Book of Day-Dreams. 2d ed., revised. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Munroe, Kirk. Cab and Caboose; The Story of a Railroad Boy. Putnams. $1.25.
Nuttall, G. H. F. Hygienic Measures in Relation to Infectious Diseases. Putnams. 75 cents.
Payn, James. A Stumble on the Threshold. Appletons.
Pellew, George. Poems. Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co.
Perkins, W. R. Eleusis, and Lesser Poems. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Pleasant Surprises for Folks of all Sizes. E. P. Dutton & Co.
Poinsard, Léon. Libre-Échange et Protection. Paris: Firmin-Didot & Cie.
Porter, Rose. Men's Thoughts for Men. Randolph. 50 cents.
Régamey, Félix. Japan in Art and Industry, with a Glance at Japanese Manners and Customs. Putnams. $1.75.
Sargent, J. Y. Grammar of the Dano-Norwegian Language. Oxford: Clarendon Press: New York: Macmillan.
Schaff, Prof. Philip. History of the Christian Church. Vol. VII. Modern Christianity. The Swiss Reformation. Scribners. $4.
Scott, W. Guy Mannering. [Dryburgh Edition.] Edinburgh: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Sellon, Gertrude. Short Stories about Animals. Illustrated. Cassell. $2.
Slosson, Mrs. Annie T. Aunt Lie'y. Randolph. 60 cents.
The Bookworm: An Illustrated Treasury of Old-Time Literature. London: Elliot Stock; New York: Armstrong. $3.
The Magnificat. Illustrated by Frank M. Gregory. Brentanos. $1.
The Mother's Nursery Guide (Babyhood). Vol. VIII. Babyhood Publishing Co.
The Principles of Pattern-Making. London: Whittaker; New York: Macmillan. 90 cents.
The School for Scandal. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.
Weiss, J. J. Sur Goethe: Etudes Critiques de Littérature Allemande. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.
Wide Awake. Vol. H. H. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $2.
Willard, Mrs. E. S. Kin-da-shon's Wife: An Alaskan Story. F. H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Winchester, M. E. Adrift in a Great City. Macmillan. $1.50.
Woodberry, Prof. G. E. Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Centenary ed. 4 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $7.
Yeats, W. B. The Countess Kathleen, and Various Legends and Lyrics. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Zahn, Rev. J. A. Sound and Music. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $3.50.
Zangwill, I. Children of the Ghetto. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Zangwill, I. The Old Maid's Club. Tait, Sons & Co. $1.25.

DECEMBER
EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

ARTICLES.—Educational Influence of Arnold of Rugby, Goldwin Smith; Co-Ordination of Studies, Charles de Garmo; English Composition in Colleges, George R. Carpenter; What does the Oxford B.A. Degree Represent? Richard Jones; Catholics and the Public Schools; The True Significance of "Tolerari Potest," Condé B. Pallen; Memory in Education, George T. W. Patrick; Reconstruction of the French Universities, Gabriel Compayré.
EDUCATION IN FOREIGN PERIODICALS.—Herbert Spencer's Chapter on Moral Education, S. S. Laurie.
DISCUSSION.—Is Greek Dead? John McMullen.
REVIEWS.—Williams's History of Modern Education—The Works of Joseph Payne—Roberts's British Universities—Burt's Story of the German Iliad; Baldwin's Six Centuries of English Poetry; Foster and Williams's Selections for Memorizing; Deighton's Johnson's Life of Milton—Greenwood's Studies in English Grammar; Ramsey's English Language and Grammar.
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